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THE

UNITED STATES CATHOLIC MAGAZINE AND MONTHLY REVIEW.

DECEMBER, 1847.

CATHOLIC MISSIONS IN THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

Annales de la Propagation de la foi. Mission de l'oceanie orientale, Isle Sandwich. A Lyon et à Paris. 8vo.

Annals of the Propagation of the Faith. Missions of Western Oceanica. The Sandwich Islands. London. 8vo.

THERE are few books, even in our Catholic literature, more instructive and entertaining, than the "*Annals of the Propagation of the Faith.*" The association for the propagation of the faith was commenced in 1822, in the city of Lyons, and soon spread not only over Europe, but throughout the Catholic world. The members of it contribute two sous a week, (about one cent and a half,) towards the funds of the society, which are annually distributed among the different missions in various parts of the globe. Its affairs are conducted by two central councils, one at Lyons and the other at Paris, which have their subordinate councils in all places where a branch of the Society has been established. To encourage this excellent work for the honor of religion and the good of souls, the sovereign pontiffs have conferred upon it many spiritual favors. The receipts of the association, the first year, amounted only to about five thousand dollars; but they have been annually on the increase. In 1846–47, they reached the sum of seven hundred thousand dollars, rather less than the preceding year, owing to the calamities in Ireland and other parts of Europe. For the edification of those who contribute to the good work, and of the Christian world at large, a *brochure* is published every two months, containing intelligence respecting the missions. One hundred and seventy-eight thousand eight hundred copies of this work are actually struck off, viz. in French, 100,000; German, 18,200; English, 20,000; Spanish, 1,100; Flemish, 4,500; Italian, 30,000; Portuguese, 2,500; Dutch, 2,000; Polish, 500. These volumes, composed of letters from missionaries in all parts of the world, exhibit not only the gradual dissemination of the Gospel throughout heathen lands, but also contain the most accurate information respecting the manners, customs and country of the people whose conversion is attempted. Ethnography, geology and philology, owe much to the learning and industry of the authors of the "*Lettres*

Edifiantes." The scholar and the man of science will meet with equal food for reflection and speculation in the "*Annals,*" which, as they profess to be, are a continuation of the "*Lettres.*"* Nor will they who read for amusement alone and such information as relaxes the mind, consider the pages of these volumes too dry, too ascetic, or too voluminous. The felicity of description and charming simplicity with which the scenery and peculiarities of unexplored regions, remote isles, and their strange inhabitants are portrayed, cannot fail to attract them. Even the literary lounger, whose taste is not thoroughly perverted by the perilous romances of the day, must linger with some interest over the animated narrative of the Annals. He will find incidents as thrilling and real courage far surpassing the fancied exploits of the paper heroes with whom he has been storming castles and vanquishing giants. Unless he have pursued the beaten track so long, that, like the prisoner of Chillon regaining freedom with a sigh, he recoils from novelty,—unless he have communed so long with vice tricked out as innocence and lust attired in the robes of holy love, as to despise the embodiment of true virtue and worth, he must contemplate in wonder and delight the disinterested heroism and meek endurance of the heralds of the cross. To but one class of men, can these volumes be unwelcome;—to those bigots, who would gladly bury in oblivion aught that redounds to the honor of the church of Rome. We cannot expect them to welcome the fruits that indicate the divinity of the tree they have vainly endeavored to kill, but whose trunk has resisted the axe of persecution, whose leaves and blossoms still bid defiance to the locust and the worm.

Yet, not for the philosopher, self sufficient in the pride, the pomp and circumstance of reason, who, though holding himself superior to all visible things and conscious of not being self-existent, denies that his creation is due to a power greater and invisible,—not for the man, who reads only for the sake of appearing accomplished or to get through as pleasantly as possible the precious moments that never can return,—not for the voluptuary, who seeks to escape an unsatisfactory reality by revelling in the sensual pleasures of earthly imaginings, are these volumes written. Their beauty, their interest and their literary or scientific value, are their least merits. They are written for those, who revere the solemn mandate—"*Go ye and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost!*" and who feel a holy pride and exultation in every act of obedience to that all important command. They are written for those, who have the conversion of the world at heart, who devote themselves to its accomplishment, and who spare not labor, or worldly ease, or the ties of blood and birth, or health, or life itself, to effect it. They are written for those who feel a deep interest in the propagation of the faith, and in the salvation of souls, and who cheerfully contribute of their earthly means to promote so momentous an object. And when a Catholic who deserves the name, opens the *Annals* at any page, though impressed of course with the general information conveyed, and with the elegance of the composition, they scarce contribute to the delight he experiences in the perusal. He sees the idol disappearing before the cross;—he sees people, who were revelling in heathenish vices and impieties, crowding to receive baptism and leading lives of exemplary Christian piety;—he sees the indolent and illiterate savage working cheerfully to develope the resources of his virgin soil, and learning with avidity the history of that great world in whose progress he had not participated. How his heart glows at the recital of the missionary's energy and perseverance, as obstacles insurmountable by human means

* The lacune between the *Lettres Edifiantes* and the *Annals*, is filled up by the *Nouvelles Lettres Edifiantes*, 8 vols. 12mo.

melt away like snows in the glance of the Lord, as chapels in the wilderness and thousands of zealous catechumens attest the triumph of truth. How he admires the saintly behaviour of the missionaries, whether in the pangs of martyrdom or the dawn of success. How deeply is he affected by their complete reliance upon Providence; how he smiles to see them ascribing the most untoward circumstances to the intervention of a beneficent God, and extracting consolation out of every calamity; and how much is he edified by their unvarying humility in attributing all their results to God. So completely do they lose sight of themselves, that it would seem never to occur to them that they should be thought of or praised for their labors. Their sole object is to bear witness to the power and goodness of God operating through them, and they speak of effects wrought by their agency as if others had been the channels selected by heaven for the dispensation of graces. They have no fear of being thought vain or egotistical, since they consider the good produced so evidently God's work,—not their own.

In the present paper, we shall present our readers with some account of the Catholic missions in the Hawaiian or Sandwich islands, extracted from the *Annals*. No Catholic, and no unprejudiced Protestant, will question the authenticity and veracity of the materials from which our narrative is drawn; and it will be time enough to consider those who may dispute our authorities, when they produce any reliable testimony against us.

Our account must necessarily be very imperfect. Those who may be interested in it, and still more particularly those who will *not* be, ought to refer to the letters from which it is compiled. There are many works which are improved by abridgment, by skilful pruning and well judged condensation. But not so with the volumes before us. Every sentence should be read;—you cannot curtail, without sacrificing a portion of their value. They resemble not the fruit tree or the vine, but are rather like a ripe wheat-field; abstract a stalk and you diminish the yield.

On the 20th of November, 1826, Alexis Bachelot, Abraham Armand and Patrick Short, three priests of the house of Picpus,* accompanied by three catechists, set sail in the Comet for Honolulu. They departed full of confidence in God and prepared to encounter any dangers to which they might be exposed, exclaiming, that if the love of gold could lead adventurers to Mexico through a thousand perils, surely a purer and nobler motive—the love of God—ought to produce at least equal courage in them.† During the long voyage they besought God not to deprive them of the happiness to which he had called them, of laboring for his glory in the Sandwich Islands, and invoked enough of wisdom to act and enough of virtue to suffer according to his heavenly will and his greater glory. It was not until the 13th of July, 1827, that they landed at Oahu, in perfect health but in great poverty.

On their arrival, they found no earthly riches to replenish their exhausted purses, but what they deemed infinitely more precious, some afflictions to endure for their Creator, some souls to gain for him, some new children to offer him, some prodigal sons to return to the father's house, some wandering sheep to bring back within the fold.‡ It was at the sight of the vast field for missionary labor opened before them, that M. Bachelot, the superior of the mission, surveying his scanty resources, exclaims with fervent eloquence,—"Why has not a poor missionary the power of multiplying himself! May God, then, multiply his works!" Seldom, indeed, do we meet with a passage more beautiful or more sublime.

The missionaries had relied upon a certain Frenchman, who had long been a

* A seminary for foreign missions, at Paris, so called from the street in which it stands.

† Prop. de la Foi, vol. iii, p. 157. ‡ Ib. 341.

resident at Honolulu, for a home and facilities of communicating with the natives. They expected to be sustained by his influence, relieved by his wealth, and supplied with all the requisites for a successful prosecution of their enterprise. But he was absent and his return involved in doubt. Yet this disappointment, far from exciting any idle repining, only produced this resigned expression—"Our dear Lord did not wish human foresight to avail in a work so peculiarly his own."

They had landed under an injunction to depart in the vessel that brought them, and to disarm suspicion, they selected a residence under the eyes of their *enemies*, as they truly style the Calvinist ministers surrounding Queen Kaahumanu. Their expulsion was often agitated; but the chiefs were not so willing to act as their Christian instigators desired. They remained in obscurity for four months, studiously avoiding whatever might arrest attention or give offence. It was not fear that condemned them to this apparent inactivity, but ignorance of the language. They only waited until they could render an intelligible account of their faith, to lead forth the captive truth and trust in God for the rest.

The language, difficult and intricate, was to be mastered without grammar or dictionary, and it was long before the missionaries could surmount this first obstacle to their success. They found the natives mild, humane, and deserving of the character given them by an old English sailor, who had lived many years amongst them. "I have travelled much," said he, "but these are the best savages I have ever seen." Yet the favorable dispositions of the masses, were counterbalanced by the machinations of the Methodist oligarchy and the prejudices of the old queen. These were the most serious impediments to the planting, as they subsequently proved to the operation of the mission. Another difficulty, was the unsettled condition of the island. The Hawaiians had been hurried too rapidly towards civilization, and as the movement was unsustained, they carried back in the reaction only the corruption of the European to add to the vices of the savage. It will easily be conceived, that the doctrines enforced by the Calvinists, were not calculated to lighten the labors of our missionaries; for though they had taught some of the fundamental truths of Catholicity, which Protestantism cannot reject without sacrificing even the name of Christianity, they had so distorted others as to render the task of the Catholic doubly difficult.

The first care of the Catholic missionary, was to prepare the natives for baptism. They found, to their horror, that their enemies, though preaching the necessity of baptism, had neglected to administer it. As soon as they acquired enough of the language to instruct in the simplest manner, they began their ministry. At first, but a dozen of the natives attended their instructions; but the invectives launched by the Protestant ministers against them, stimulated curiosity to such a degree, that numbers of the islanders crowded to listen, and soon began to solicit the bread of life. Thus, writes M. Bachelot, did our Lord cause the malice of our enemies to contribute to our success.

But the missionaries were careful not to accept the sudden emotions of the savages for sincere conversions, or mistake the outpourings of curiosity for the operation of the Holy Ghost. They aspired not to appear at the head of bands of hollow proselytes, but limited their ambition to the production of twelve pious and well instructed Christians. They did not aim at exhibiting to the world the crowds who were inclined or compelled to listen to their teachings;—their sole aspiration was to offer to God such as really received his word and obeyed it. The disciples of the Calvinists, it is true, had imbibed an idea of a God, of a Redeemer, of hell, of heaven and of judgment; but the knowledge was unaccompanied by the unction of grace, for they had acquired it like a lesson in history or geography, and receiv-

ed it like a municipal law: they could speak of those great truths and of the passion itself, but were utterly unconcerned about either, uninfluenced by love, desire or fear. These were not the dispositions to satisfy a Catholic priest.

So late as December, 1828, the superior and his companions had not baptized a single adult, so fearful were they of an unworthy reception of the sacrament; but they had poured the regenerating waters upon infants and the dying.

On one occasion, M. Bachelot, whilst baptizing a child in the presence of many of the natives, seized the opportunity of addressing them through an interpreter. They seemed to listen with much pleasure, whilst he explained the meaning of the crucifix and the images adorning the altar, and alluded to the Blessed Virgin and St. John, and described the guilt and conversion of Mary Magdalen. During his discourse, they fixed their eyes upon the crucifix, which excited in them a sentiment of respect bordering upon fear, and pointed to the wounds and the distorted face. In spite of the calumnies and ridicule of the Protestant ministers they generally manifested an involuntary respect for all our ceremonies.

The festival of the conception of our Blessed Mother, was marked by an incident that gave new value and dignity to the mission in the eyes of the natives. M. Armand had gone into the country about a league from town. In passing by a little cabin he heard cries, or rather lamentations, such as the savages were wont to utter at the death of a near relative: it occurred to him, that the sufferer, whose last sighs were announced by these groans, might still breathe, and that God might have designed a manifestation of his mercy in directing his steps to that spot. He instantly entered the hut, and finding that the sick man still gave signs of life, explained to him the mysteries in a few words and baptized him. The friends of the dying islander preserved a reverent air, though not fully comprehending what was passing. M. Armand went out rejoicing and praising God. He continued his walk for some distance, when he heard the moanings which pain draws from an infant. With its cries were mingled those of some islanders: he entered, and found a child only a few months old in danger of death: he knelt down, and after some moments of prayer, in which the spectators appeared to unite, he baptized it. The parents by their gestures and words overwhelmed him with benedictions, and M. Armand again resumed his walk. On his return he visited both places. The child was much better, and the man had recovered his reason. He surveyed the missionary with the most tender regard, and pressed his hands affectionately, whilst joy beamed in his eyes. The report of these cases produced a great excitement. The father of the infant and many others, at once asked to be instructed; and the majority of the inhabitants of that part of the island, soon learned the three principal mysteries.

But these tidings, while exciting the admiration of the natives, were just as sure to inflame the opposition of the Calvinists. They once more urged Kaahumanu to banish the three Catholic priests. The queen was not averse to the step; but the principal chiefs rejected the proposition in full council, and she dared not act against their unanimous advice. Her own brother expressed himself with praiseworthy freedom and acuteness. When the spiritual advisers of the queen regent were declaiming before him against the missionaries, and magnifying the danger of receiving them,—"I cannot see," he vehemently interposed, "why you thus break out upon them; I have been told that the religion they teach, is that which your fathers believed: this alone convinces me it is better than yours." This signal defeat of their enemies, left the missionaries at liberty to continue their labors. They were unmolested and they asked no more. They came not to build up the work of God upon arms of flesh; they

were not to be frightened at the colossus with feet of potter's earth; and they remembered the little stone from the mountain. They sought not human aid, and rejoiced in being thrown upon the mercy of God alone; and their hearts were gladdened with a holy satisfaction, in the acquisition of a small band of sincere and fervent native converts.*

Thus closed the year 1828. The next three years, display the increasing influence of our missionaries and the growing jealousy of the Calvinists, and abound in instances of Protestant persecution and Catholic endurance.

Amongst the converts to Catholicity, was one named Andronicus, a Kanac,† about forty years of age. He was baptized in 1829, and soon became conspicuous for his superior judgment, memory, and fervor. By his facility in comprehending the explanations of his instructors and in communicating them to others, he became an excellent catechist. Though like Peter he fell, like Peter he repented. When summoned before the criminal court in 1830, charged with idolatry—Roman Catholic idolatry—he had the weakness to promise to hear the Protestant ministers. Though he never held spiritual communion with them, he was still so deeply affected by remorse, that it was supposed to have injured his mind. He wandered about the fields sad and solitary, his imagination haunted by the presence of persons urging him to go, or dragging him by force to the Protestant house of worship. On Sundays his fears were particularly lively. The missionaries attempted in vain to console and revive him. Ashamed of his fault, he had not courage to see them. He imposed on himself a year's penitential silence, only to be interrupted by prayer and giving instructions to those who applied to him. Threats and entreaties failed alike to compel or induce him to listen to Protestant sermons. He was twice imprisoned, and each time encouraged his fellow sufferers; with the joy and fortitude of the first martyrs, he pointed to his irons, saying:—"Thus it was that our divine Redeemer wished to be bound." He refused to accept food from his keeper; and when his persecutors, thinking to subdue his firmness, cut off the provisions he had obtained from other sources, he took no other nourishment for several days than the water of the prison well. M. Bachelot, fearing he might starve himself to death, found means to say to him, that he ought to eat what was offered. But Andronicus neither sent a reply nor changed his conduct. The charity of his gaoler baffled the malice of his persecutors, and he obtained some refreshment every night from a catechumen who lived opposite the prison. During the revolution in 1831, when the old Queen Kaahumanu seized the sovereign power, he contrived to escape in the general confusion and explained his disobedience in refusing food from his keeper. The Kanac is supposed to belong soul and body to the chief who supports him; and Andronicus by accepting the proffered food, would have placed himself completely in his keeper's power. He feared he might then have been forced to abandon his faith, and he preferred death to such danger. Thus had one pagan at least expanded into a Christian, whose constancy would adorn a land that had basked for centuries in the sunlight of faith.

But the trials of the convert were not yet over. He was again arrested and condemned to hard labor. In his distress he engaged to go as a sailor on board a vessel destined for the South Seas. When apprised of his intention, M. Bachelot sent for him and blamed him for having made such an agreement without his advice.

"The country in which we live," replied Andronicus, "is wicked; we cannot serve God here according to the dictates of conscience; elsewhere I shall be at liberty to pray."

* Prop. de la Foi, vol. iv, from 265 to 298.

† A *Kanac* is one of the inferior natives: they stand in the same relation to a chief, that a serf did to the lord of the fee.

"So far you are right," returned his adviser; "but there is no priest in the country to which your vessel is bound. If you offend God, how can you have the benefit of the sacrament of penance? If you are at the point of death, how can you receive extreme unction?"—

"That is true," said the convert, "and my ignorance did not allow me to reflect upon it. But what can I do? I have promised to go, and the stranger gave me money, which I have distributed to the prisoners."

M. Bachelot refunded the money, and the captain rescinded the contract. It must give rise to very melancholy reflections, to see this poor Kanac, for no other crime than his faith, driven from his native land by the intolerance of the pale faced strangers he had welcomed to his shores. We are accustomed to see the pagan melt away beneath the dazzling rays of civilization, but we cannot understand how the natives of America and Oceanica should wither under the mild light of religion. Is Christianity a basilisk?—Andronicus was not alone in this design, but many others, including some female converts, had resolved for the same motive to abandon their country, and were only restrained by the advice of their pastors.

Esther, or Uheta, as the name is musically pronounced at Oahu, was another flower in the wreath which our missionaries were weaving for heaven. In rank a female-chief, and in piety the rival of Andronicus, she had caught the first impressions of truth from her Catholic dependants. When deprived of all her property by the political revolution of 1831, she only observed with the most exemplary patience:—"Now, as I have nothing more on earth, I am the more free to give myself to God!" She spent many hours in studying a manuscript treatise upon the truths of Catholicity, prepared for her by M. Bachelot. One day, being surprised in this occupation, she was arrested and required, under pain of hard labor, to go to the Protestant meeting-houses. Rather than comply, she submitted to a punishment which her rank rendered doubly disgraceful: two female catechumens imitated her firmness and shared her disgrace. Escaping from prison in the darkness of night, she solicited and obtained baptism.

Still more illustrious than these, was Simeon. Though not so apt as Andronicus in understanding and explaining the truths of the Gospel, he was preferred as an instructor by the Kanacs and many of the chiefs. He escaped the active pursuit of his enemies, by living in their midst. The reputation he had acquired in healing the sick, induced a dying Protestant chief to send for him. Simeon accepted the invitation; but in reply to an earnest demand for corporal remedies, said—"I come not to cure your body;—that must come from God: the object of my visit is to point out the path of salvation. The bystanders in surprise cried out, that he was a *Pelani;** but Simeon continued to instruct, and the sick man to listen. He was of a more determined and playful turn of mind than Andronicus, and in the different examinations he had to undergo on the subject of his faith, amused his interrogators by his wit in exposing the intrigues of the Protestant ministers, and overawed them by the firmness of his character. He baptized several children and adults on their death-bed, and displayed the greatest tact in gaining the confidence of the sick and preparing them for the sacraments. Being indebted to Andronicus for his instruction and baptism, he went to see him after the latter had fallen: "What!" said he, "if you, who are not only my father, but the father of many others, have fallen, what shall your children do? Listen to me! You are my superior in knowledge; but as you have been deceived, the son now says to the father:—Return to the truth and abandon falsehood!" We have seen how this order was obeyed.

In the martyred Alodia, we have another example of *Christian* cruelty and

* A Catholic.

pagan fortitude. At the period of her sentence to hard labor she was nursing a young infant. Still, for three days, she was doomed, together with her fellow sufferers, to all the privations of hunger. A *taro*,* secretly conveyed to them, was received with transports of delight. At this time, 1830, the punishment of the males who refused to abandon the religion of the pope and embrace that of Mr. Bingham, was to transport fifteen hundred coral stones from the sea to a considerable distance. The non-conforming females were separated from their husbands, and condemned to make fifteen mats, ten feet square, of the leaf of the *hara*. Neither the shattered health of Alodia, nor her feeble frame exhausted by hunger, nor the child at her bosom, which might have kindled pity in a heart of stone, exempted her from her share in the allotted work. Her companions divided amongst themselves the tasks to which she was utterly unequal, and carried her from the workhouse to prison on their backs. She found a secret friend too late in the chief to whom they were last entrusted. Alodia was sinking fast under the hardships to which she had been subjected. M. Bachelot was soon called to prepare her for death. He was kindly greeted by the dependants of the chief, many of whom, to their master's knowledge, were under instruction. Having heard her confession, he summoned her companions to assist at the extreme unction; then admitted the dependants of the chief, and in a brief address invited them to join in the recital of the prayers by which the edifying ceremony was terminated. In a few days, Alodia resigned her soul into the hands of God.†

Nor must we omit Pulcheria; she remained three days without eating or drinking, courageously resisting every solicitation to renounce her faith. On the fourth day, Sunday, she succeeded in escaping to the house of the missionaries, where she heard the first mass, and then sought out a safer retreat. Whilst M. Bachelot was celebrating the second mass, at which many of the natives assisted, two men entered the chapel in search of the fugitive. The Kanacs were driven out in a brutal manner, and the same day an order was sent to M. Bachelot, forbidding him to admit any natives into his house. He replied that he could not refuse to instruct those who wished to embrace the faith.*

Andromea, Basil, Agatha, Thais, a widow named Monica and her blind son, Helima, her husband, and her daughter Margaret, six years old, Philip and Helen, were among the victims of 1831. They were all thrown into prison for many months, where they endured hunger and thirst, and were compelled to listen to the taunts of the disciples of the Methodists, who exhibited their proficiency in theology by urging the prisoners to forswear the God of the Catholic priests and worship the God of the English. When their resolution was discovered to be invincible, they were forced to carry stones and build thick walls: the task allotted to each, being five fathoms for the men and three for the women. The guards placed over them disgraced the "little brief authority" in which they were dressed, by exclaiming at intervals, "You shall not be suffered to fetch any more water to drink, or food to eat: your God must feed you!"

These brilliant trophies of Catholicity soon brought down the storm which had been gathering against those who achieved them. On the 2d of April, 1831, MM. Bachelot and Short were summoned before the principal chiefs, male and female, assembled in a tent erected on a rampart. Queen Kaahumanu presided in the absence of the young king, who refused to sanction by his presence a proceeding he disapproved. With the chiefs were associated some *Kumus*, or Methodist school-

* The chief food of the islanders, resembling a beet-root in size and form.

† Propagation of the Faith, vol. 11, (English) from p. 305 to 316.

* Propagation of the Faith, vol. 13, (English) p. 355.

masters. Save the king, all the respectable and intelligent inhabitants of the island were present. On the arrival of the missionaries, a paper was put in their hands signed by the king and the principal chiefs, reciting that they—the Catholic priests—*were not good,* and that having no permission to remain, should instantly leave the islands. The penalty of remaining over three months, was confiscation and imprisonment. As M. Bachelot read the letter slowly, with a view of preparing his reply, every eye was fixed upon him; not a whisper was heard, and his defence was waited for with intense anxiety. "I confess," he writes, "that I felt the want of that assistance which Christ promised to his ministers when arraigned before the tribunal of their persecutors." "Give up the missions"—he adds with enthusiasm —"I could not!" Yet the slightest promise involved their complete abandonment; for in the eyes of the *Kanacs,* the simplest assurance was sacred. After a brief pause, M. Bachelot indignantly asked the governor why the term *kipaku,* signifying the dregs of the people, had been applied to them: "Such language," he said, "is for a fornicator, a robber, or an assassin. Have I merited so opprobrious an epithet? Where is your politeness?" The paper had been prepared by a *Kumu,* and the natives, who were jealous of their reputation for politeness, were stung by the reproach.

"Forget that expression," cried one of the chiefs, "and depart on friendly terms."

"On friendly terms,"—replied the missionary, "how can I, when you drive me from your shores? How can you pretend to condemn a religion of which you are ignorant?" Then, turning to the principal chief he resumed;—"As to the threatened confiscation and imprisonment, you forget that I belong not to this world. I belong to God, and what I have is his; I have brought you his word, but you refuse to receive it; as to my property, it belongs to this world, take it and do with it as you please; its loss cannot affect me. You threaten to put me in irons and to throw me into prison. Be it so. I shall there find that God who now sees and hears us. Besides, why be solicitous about the body, destined soon to return to its kindred dust. To-morrow you and I may be no longer here. Know then, that I fear not your menaces."

Still the chiefs pressed for a positive answer, as to whether he consented or refused to depart. Unwilling to provoke violent measures by refusing, and inwardly resolved to remain until forcibly ejected, M. Bachelot adopted their own plan when unwilling to speak categorically, and only replied—"What answer can I give? Am I a God to know what is to come? Perhaps before the specified time we shall die; if we be alive when it arrives, then we shall see." Thus terminated the conference. Though the women, and especially the queen, were indignant at not obtaining a *yes* or *no,* the chiefs remained calm and apparently not much interested in the execution of the decree. The natives showed no hostility, and the strangers openly pronounced in favor of the accused. As Messrs. Bachelot and Short retired, they bowed to the audience, and their salutes were returned in the most friendly manner by all the chiefs, except Kaahumanu and some of her female friends.

A month's silence, inspired the priests with the hope that all further proceedings had been abandoned. Still they took the precaution of burying the church ornaments and concealing their effects. On the 2d of April, however, a chief appeared with the king's letter.

"You allude to my expulsion," said M. Bachelot.

"No. I come to propose your quiet departure," was the reply.

The missionary was inflexible, and the chief, bowing politely, retired so well pleased with his reception, that he refused to obey a subsequent order sent him to resume the negotiation, which important duty was then delegated to Kuakini, the

queen's brother. The islander opened by accusing them of idolatry and image worship. M. Bachelot contented himself with calling Kuakini's attention to the portraits of Kamehameha and Liholiho. "When you see them," he said, "do you not cry *Aloha ino?** Is it because you believe them gods, or because they remind you of your departed kings and awaken respect for their memory? For us, the crucifix is the portrait of our dying Saviour; but we are as far from believing it to be that which it commemorates, as you are from supposing that your portraits are your kings." The chief, who did not lack intellect, felt the force of the argument and passed on to another charge, that Catholic converts were not permitted to read. This calumny was as easily refuted as the first. A controversial discussion with the Protestant minister was next proposed. This experiment had been tried before. On one occasion, the queen sent for the minister to refute M. Bachelot, who was then in her presence: he refused to come; and when he presented himself after the Catholic had withdrawn, he could only avoid the reproaches of Kaahumanu, by humbly pleading a repugnance to expose himself to the danger of being led astray. To redeem himself, however, and as an offset to his timidity, he boldly asserted, that in a trial by fire, God would perform a miracle in his favor. This was communicated to M. Bachelot by one of the disciples of his antagonist. Uncertain whether to consider it a challenge or a mere hypothesis, the missionary anxious to remove the impression made by so impious a boast, coldly said:—"I accept the proposal; but either you or your chief must preside at the trial, and if your doctor refuse to proceed, must compel him to go on." It is needless to add, that the challenger did not tempt the God upon whom he so presumptuously relied. This was the minister with whom Kuakini now solicited a controversy. Though convinced it would lead to nothing, M. Bachelot replied:—

* Great benediction.

"Let both be called by you or the king to your house or his own, and let the discussion take place before you all." As in all prior cases, acceptance of the gauntlet was enough to drive his opponent from the field.

A new and formidable enemy now appeared in Mr. Hill, who feigned to be charged with some commission from the English government, but who was really an agent of the London Biblical Society. At first he affected impartiality and spoke in high terms to the missionaries of universal toleration, declaiming warmly against the Protestant ministers. But to others his language was very different; and he soon lifted the white veil. His pretended position carried with it a certain degree of authority over Mr. Short, a British subject, before whom, in a long conversation, he insisted upon the removal of the mission to another island. M. Bachelot replied to Hill in a letter, which for beauty and elegance of diction, high tone, elevated thought, calm dignity and piety, logical power and keen sarcasm, may compare favorably with any similar effort we are acquainted with.*

Hill left Honolulu about the end of August to continue his visiting tour to the other Protestant missions in the South Sea Islands. But before his departure he had impregnated others with a portion of his malice, and every day brought forth some fresh annoyance. Soon public report delivered the unwelcome intelligence, that the Wawerlai, a Sandwich vessel, was preparing to transport the priests. Many foreigners to whom application was made, peremptorily refused the odious and disgraceful task of commanding the vessel; and an old English sailor who had married a native and was living in the utmost poverty at Oahu, was only induced to accept the charge in the hope of being well paid, and through fear of offending the chief upon whose bounty his family depended.

* This letter will be found *in extenso*, Propagation of the Faith, (Eng. edit.) vol. 11, p. 191.

The missionaries were thus laconically warned to prepare for a sea voyage, by Kuanoa, a leading chief: "You pretended that you could not go away because there was no vessel to take you on board: we have prepared one, and when I next come, I expect to find you ready."

"Where are we to be taken?"

"I do not know."

"What is the captain's name?"

"I cannot tell."

The missionaries each presented a protest against the impending expulsion, to the British consul on the 12th of December, and began to arrange their affairs, resigned to the will of Providence. They endeavored to improve the little time that yet remained, by instructing some of the *Kanacs* and conferring baptism upon those who were not yet Christians. Then the nocturnal visits of the converts, coming to mingle their tears with their instructors, became more frequent; some, imprisoned for the faith, contrived, during the darkness or heavy rains, to elude the vigilance of their keepers in order to enjoy the pleasure of seeing their pastors.

At this time M. Bachelot received a most pressing invitation from the prefect of the California missions to seek an asylum in that district. But he declined; replying, that since compulsion alone induced their departure, they would not create even an appearance of consent, by making any place the object of a special choice. Not knowing what might be their ultimate lot, they obtained separate certificates under seal from the American and English consuls, that the fact of their being Catholic missionaries was the real cause of their expulsion.

On the 23d of December, a large crowd assembled at the entrance of the missionary residence. Their curiosity was explained by the appearance of an inferior chief with two hand-carts.

"I am come for your trunks," said the islander.

"If you are ordered to take them away," replied the missionary, "you may do so; but do not expect me to give them to you."

The chief lingered awhile, then quietly withdrew.

This was the last of the series of tricks by which it was designed to give to the expulsion of the missionaries an appearance of voluntary exile. Had M. Bachelot delivered up the trunks, doubtless we should have had magnificent pictures of Catholicity retiring abashed before the moral grandeur of Protestantism. But the crime now stands before the world without one palliating circumstance.

On the 24th, the door was thronged again, and the chief accompanied by two or three others, came to say that the last moment had arrived.

"You intend then to send us away by force?" asked the missionary.

"Yes!" replied the savage, catching him by the shoulder. They took their breviaries, their hats and sticks and directed their steps to the shore, preceded and followed by their persecuting guides. Numbers of men, women and children thronged together to witness the procession, most of whom gave signs of sympathy; the walls were covered with spectators, and it was with difficulty that a sufficient space could be kept open to allow the exiles to move along. They could see their poor converts in the throng; but not daring to speak to them, they could only relieve their mutual suffering by a frequent exchange of looks.

In half an hour their trunks arrived and the vessel sailed. They were scarcely on board, before the captain came to express his sorrow for the occurrence, saying, that the conduct of the queen, the chiefs, and particularly of the Protestant ministers, could not be too severely censured. They fixed their eyes upon the house they had occupied, now tenanted only by the catechist Melchior, and watched the shore which they had blessed with their labors, until the blue land mingled with the water in the distance.

At the end of three weeks, the Califor-

nian mountains were descried. On the 22d of Jan'y, 1832, they were put ashore where there was no sign of either town or village, or any thing in the shape of a house, save an old uninhabited store. Fortunately, an American passenger, who landed the day before, had apprised a farmer living three leagues off, of their arrival. But for the timely assistance of this gentleman, the situation of our missionaries would have been deplorable indeed. We would gladly transcribe the simple story of their privations, related so cheerfully and even mirthfully, until the bells were rung to welcome them to the mission of San Gabriel, and the kind hearted Franciscan embraced them, exclaiming—"At length you have found a house you may call your own."*

Mr. Short was placed by the government over the first college instituted in the country, and M. Bachelot at once assumed the chief burden of the mission; for the two priests in charge of it were old and infirm. But his new cares diverted not his attention for one moment from "*his dear islands,*" as he affectionately calls the Sandwich group. His whole soul seems bent upon a return to the original scene of his labors. One day whilst reading his office by the sea shore, he looked up and Andronicus, with the tears standing in his eyes, stood before him. They embraced each other affectionately, and Andronicus was placed with a French resident. But the innocent islander disedified at the scandals he witnessed where he expected to find the purity prescribed in the Gospel, seized the first opportunity of returning home. The firm faith of Andronicus, however, was unshaken by these scandals.

In the mean time, M. Bachelot had the happiness of hearing from Melchior, that their converts continued to lead an exemplary life. "I have every reason to hope," he writes from California, "that most of those yet living have never forfeited their baptismal innocence, and that those who have been called to another world, preserved it till death. Some of them, in the discharge of their duty as missionaries, go about the islands, assembling their disciples, who are now numerous, for morning and evening prayer, and explain the part of Christian doctrine that is marked for each day in the week. On Sundays and Thursdays, the rosary is added to the usual family prayers."*

But with these glad tidings, there came accounts most exquisitely painful. The departure of the missionaries had not put an end to the persecution. Agatha, whose name occurs above, having wished to go out one day, was struck with a stick by her keeper, so severely, that it broke on her back. She uttered not a single complaint, and when asked why she had suffered in silence, replied, that she remembered the patience of the martyrs. Her husband, Basil, proved worthy of such a spouse. "Before I became a Christian," said he, "I should have thought it no harm to avenge my wife by killing him who struck her; but I was silent, for I recollected that the first Christians did not complain when their limbs were cut off, and that they gave their bodies to be burned for Jesus Christ." The guard was reprimanded for his brutality by a chief, and more moderation afterwards observed. Esther or Uheta and her companions, having completed their tasks, desired to be released. But they were required first to renounce their *idolatry.* A Kumu informed them that if they refused, the men would be compelled to build five fathoms more of wall, and the females separated from their husbands, put with women of bad character, and employed in cutting bulrushes and raising mud walls in the marshes. But these new threats did not shake their constancy. Bingham himself came to try the magic of his presence, and promised them liberty if they consented to use the Methodist prayer book:

* Propagation of the Faith, vol. 11, from p. 180 to 216.

* Propagation of the Faith, vol. 11, (English edition) p. 315.

they declined and were doomed to feel his indignation in additional labor. These cruelties disgusted all the foreigners in the island. On the 22d of August, 1832, Uheta and her fellow prisoners were notified, that unless they embraced the Protestant worship, their huts would be razed to the ground on the following day, their possessions confiscated, and the wives separated from their husbands. Threatened with chains, Uheta demanded to be brought before the chief, and, on her way to his house, sought shelter with her companions under the English consul's roof, rehearsed their afflictions and implored his protection. The consul went in person to the king and obtained their liberation. Thus, after eighteen months of hunger and thirst and humiliations of every kind, this gallant band, so lately called to the knowledge of God, was restored to liberty; but not before their health was so impaired, that many soon sunk under the hardships they had endured. Helimu, an excellent catechist, was the first whom God called to himself; she was followed by Philip, the noble Uheta and Helen.

It was hoped that persecution would cease with the interference of the British consul and the death of Kaahumanu. But Bingham had governed the young king from his cradle, and he had just received reinforcements that swelled his reverend ranks, exclusive of the Kumus, who were much more numerous, to one hundred and forty-three. This was the force arrayed against the lay-brother, Melchior—and God.

Two aged women were imprisoned for refusing to assist at the Methodist prayers, and condemned to the new punishment which the ingenuity of their tormentors had devised during the interval of repose, —of gathering up, *with their hands*, the ordures of the guards and prisoners of the fort and conveying them to the sea. Dorithea, Justine de Ignatius and his wife Alexis, were forcibly dragged to the Protestant temple. The fervent and fearless Simeon was the first object of attack. He was arrested in 1835, together with five catechumens and four females. Having courageously avowed his faith, he was sentenced to the filthy employment just mentioned, and placed in a moist part of the prison with a chain round his neck and fetters on his hands and feet. Persuasion and ridicule, though incessantly plied, availed as little as torture, to shake Simeon's constancy. His health was undermined, but his soul was only fresh-plumed for heaven. Such patience merited new trials, and he was deprived of food for two days. In vain: malice was still baffled by virtue. Whilst these crimes were perpetrated, Bingham continued to inveigh against Catholicity so violently as to disgust the American Protestants who heard him.

These details, transmitted to M. Bachelot by Melchior, caused him the liveliest sorrow. Yet he could thank God, with tears of gratitude, that the constancy of the sufferers surpassed their anguish. It was consoling too to learn, that despite the persecution, the Christians manifested a great desire for instruction and were zealous in teaching others what they had learned;—that John Pæna died murmuring those blessed words *Jesus* and *Mary*; —that although deprived of their pastors, the Catholics continued to encourage each other; that they met occasionally at the house of the catechists, especially on Sundays, and recited in common the Christian doctrine and the rosary; that numbers of the dying received baptism, and that many adults were admitted to instruction; that notwithstanding the orgies of 1833,* though some poor Christians felt the absence of the missionaries, the greater number were distinguished for the regularity of their conduct, some of them going four or five leagues to learn the festivals and fasting days, which they observed

* The reader is referred to an article on the Protestant Sandwich Islands' missions, in the last number of the Magazine. The present paper proceeds on the supposition that the former has been read.

with the most edifying regularity; and that the hatred of the Methodists contributed only to exalt the faith and courage of the Catholics, and fill the natives with admiration for the persecuted.

Bitterly did M. Bachelot regret that he could neither share their trials nor lighten their afflictions. The iron had entered his heart when thrust on board the Wawerlai, and he languished after his "*dear islands.*" In discharging the duties of the California mission, he felt no longer his former strength: the earthly prison was beginning to crumble around the immortal soul it contained. "I am determined to return to my first mission by the earliest opportunity," he writes in 1835; and again in the following year,—"It is still from the place of an exile in Upper California, that I address you this letter; but I hope, through the mercy of God, it will be the last. We have at length found a captain willing to run the risk of landing us at Oahu. In all likelihood we shall be treated as enemies; but the Almighty will dispose of all according to his holy will. It is enough for us, that we cannot be transported to any place where we shall not find him."

The prayer of the missionary was granted: MM. Bachelot and Short embarked on board the *Clementine* in March, 1837, and after a passage of twenty days, anchored in the port of Honolulu. They had been but *one* day ashore, when they were ordered to re-embark. M. Dudoit, the owner of the *Clementine*, refused to receive them, and indignantly rejected a bribe of some confiscated Catholic property, valued at five thousand piastres. On the 19th of May, they were dragged alongside the brig. The captain refused to receive them, but they were forcibly put on board; and as the guns of the fort were pointed at the vessel, M. Dudoit ordered his crew to decline the unequal contest, struck his colors and went ashore.

The missionaries were imprisoned in the *Clementine*, until the arrival of the English sloop *Sulphur*, and the French frigate Venus, in July. They were then released and conducted in triumph to their old habitations, accompanied by the officers and almost all the foreigners in Oahu. The triumph was of short duration, however, for the commanders had pledged their word, that the missionaries should depart in the first suitable vessel.

M. Short sailed for Valparaiso in November. He had scarcely departed, before M. Bachelot fell dangerously ill, and was still extremely feeble when M. Maigret, pro-vicar of the bishop of Nilopolis, arrived off Honolulu. Though forbidden to land, the pro-vicar could still correspond with the dying missionary; and on the 23d of November, 1838, they left Oahu in company, for Ascension. The earthly career of M. Bachelot was drawing to a close. "Alas! I little thought," exclaims M. Maigret, "that in a few days, I should have the pain of losing him!" They had not been twenty-four hours at sea, when he fell sick and his mind began to wander. He fancied he saw and heard things the most strange, and wished to be continually moved from place to place. While the delirium lasted, he talked incessantly; at one time, fancying himself before his persecutors, he addressed them the most solemn truths; at another, he seemed to converse with his dear neophytes. His last words were those in which he made a sacrifice of his life to God. On the 4th of December, he received the last sacraments, and appeared to understand the few words of consolation and encouragement pronounced by his companion. His hands were joined over his breast, his countenance calm and serene, his lips in constant motion, repeating, no doubt, some of those prayers which he had so often suggested at the bedside of the dying Christian. M. Maigret recited the prayers of the agonizing, and received his last sigh at two o'clock on the morning of the 5th. On the 14th of December, 1838, the remains of the first apostle of Oceanica, borne by two Hawaiians and two Tahitians, were in-

terred in a little island called Naho. A tiny chapel, erected by M. Maigret, marks the martyr's grave. If the ashes of the holy have power to sanctify the earth to which they are committed, how precious, in the eyes of angels, must that little island be! What Catholic would not rather pray there, than ponder on the pyramid! But for his resignation, we should write upon his tomb,—he died broken hearted for the sufferings of his flock, whilst rejoicing in his own. He was but forty-one at his death. The bishop of Nilopolis thus deplores his loss: "The mission of Oceanica has suffered seriously by the loss of its founder. His close attention to his missionary duties and his zeal for the service of God, showed that he was animated with the spirit of an apostle; the intrepidity with which he braved every danger when there was a question of the salvation of souls; his active, prudent zeal, and the facility with which he wrote and spoke the language of the country, rendered him formidable to his adversaries. They may congratulate themselves upon having caused his death."*

La Place arrived in the Artemise in July, 1839, and Catholicity was firmly established in Oahu.† The day of triumph had come at last, and baffled bigotry could only vent its spleen in impotent curses.

But before resuming the narrative, let us reflect a moment upon the past. In reading the unaffected record of these persecutions, it is difficult for one who is merely a man, not to weep over the sorrows of the wounded natives, and feel a thrill of indignation against their Christian tormentors. But how the cheek of the true Catholic must flush with holy pride, and his heart exult, in beholding the same constancy displayed at Honolulu that was begun at Jerusalem, and has in every age distinguished the church of Jesus,—in witnessing, in the poor Sandwich islander, the same delight in martyrdom that characterised the primitive band, who asked no greater favor than to imitate their crucified Redeemer. How pity turns to joy and gratitude, when we reflect, that their pangs and deprivations, their ignominies and loss of all temporal goods, their languishment in prison and their tasks on the roadside, were converted by their patience and piety into eternal blisses. How our resentment expires, as we perceive that the malice which chastised and degraded them in this world, was made to reward and exalt them in the next.

We could forget the ambition, the covetousness, the unscrupulous calumnies, the cold blooded cruelty of Bingham and his associates,—forget that they established a kind of public confession, in which each native accused himself of some fault in presence of the congregation, and then made an offering of money, vegetables, and poultry,—forget that the parent's garden was swept clean to pay for the tuition of the child,—forget that they re-baptized the same person twenty times for the sake of the baptismal fee,—forget the prison, the work-house, and even the expulsion of M. Bachelot,—but there is one feature in the persecution never to be forgotten. We mean the crime of separating husband and wife and confining the latter with harlots. Had innocence first to be sacrificed on the altar of intolerance, before Protestantism could be embraced? Was an impure apostate better than a virtuous Papist! Time may wipe out their other offences, but this demoniacal sin will remain a stigma upon the American Protestant Sandwich Islands missions, while there beats one heart to sympathize with insulted female purity.

We subjoin two facts, to prove that we are right in imputing the persecutions to the influence of the Methodist ministers. "Tell me," said Kaahumanu to Louisa,

* Prop. of the Faith, vol. 13, (English edit.) from p. 353 to 372.

† The reader will find the proceedings of La Place in the article already referred to in the November number of the Magazine. It is impossible to repeat them here.

a Catholic convert—"I have expelled the priests of the Pope, sent you in exile to Mauai, cast into prison the disciples of your doctors:—have I done right in this?"

"I cannot say that you have done well in expelling the priests," was the reply, "for they are not idolators."

"It is not I who expelled them," answered the queen, "it is Bingham; Bingham told me to expel them."

"But you ordered them on board the vessel," returned the convert.

"Bingham is my light; he advised me to do it," said the queen, and the conversation dropped.*

On the 8th of August, 1835, the liberation of two *Kanacs*, imprisoned for conscience sake, though solicited by the American and English consuls, was opposed by Bingham, on the ground that the Kanacs ought to have but the same thought.† These two instances, in addition to irresistible inference, and the universal testimony of disinterested foreigners, may suffice.

No sooner was liberty restored to the Catholic ministry, by the energetic agency of La Place, than the chapel was filled with natives, particularly with those from quarters where persecution had raged fiercest. Such was the impression produced by the constancy of the faithful, that nearly all the population of Kolau separated from the persecutors to join the cause of the victims. "I am alone in this mission," writes Mr. Walsh, in 1839. "Ten missionaries, animated with the spirit of God, can speedily overturn the entire edifice of the Calvinists." In May, 1840, the bishop of Nilopolis visited Oahu, and was charmed with the dispositions of the natives. He had the happiness of seeing the king himself at mass. The little chapel, the cradle of Catholicity in Oceanica, could not contain a quarter of those who pressed for instruction. The seed divine, sown by Father Alexis Bachelot, was yielding a hundred fold.‡

Father Hurtel, who accompanied the bishop, gives a vivid picture of their reception. "Three hundred Christians and catechumens were assembled in the chapel awaiting us in prayer. After singing the *Te Deum*, we were presented to the Christians who had suffered most during the persecution. Oh! what an agitation of feeling, mingled with joy, did we experience on beholding those generous confessors! Some had been hung by the hands to the trees, and kept three days in that torturing situation; others, after various torments, had passed four days in irons without food, but were more commonly condemned to draw stones from the depths of the sea, or to work on the highways, confounded with the vilest criminals. And what was their crime?—You know it; the crime of being Christian Catholics, and of being unwilling to assist at the preaching of the Protestant ministers. Some of them, it is true,—but they were nearly all catechumens—had the misfortune of yielding to the tempest. Worn out by the torments of which they saw no end, and believing also, from their deficiency of instruction, that they were not committing a great fault, they promised verbally that they would attend at the prayers of the Methodists. But, far from keeping this promise, they came all bathed in tears, to ask of the missionaries pardon for their weakness. It would be impossible for me to describe the joy that all these neophytes showed on seeing us: it seemed as if they issued once more from their dungeons; and we could not refrain from tears, when embracing those generous champions of Jesus Christ."

On the Saturday before Pentecost, the bishop baptized two hundred catechumens; a still greater number were to be regenerated a month later. A bargain was concluded for a more spacious church. The missionaries were every where well received, save, of course, by the Calvinist ministers, who did all in their power to keep the chiefs in a state of distrust. They had industriously circulated, that the bish-

* Prop. of the Faith, (Eng. edit.) vol. 13, p. 356, note.

† Ibid. 360. ‡ Ibid. vol. 14, p. 161-166.

op on his arrival would drive his carriage over the people, and that such as had not a strong faith would be crushed; that every Catholic would have to give a hundred piastres for absolution; that the natives would be plundered, cramped in cages bristling with iron points and cast into the sea. These fables and their old calumnies, recoiled upon the ministers.

In June, 1840, the small mission was divided, and MM. Hurtel and Walsh embarked for Hawaii, leaving at Honolulu Father Desvault and the bishop of Nilopolis. More than sixty instances occurred of sick persons after finding every remedy ineffectual, being suddenly cured upon embracing the resolution of becoming Catholics. Among others, a woman named Dorothy, after languishing two years in a consumption, attained a robust state of health upon her conversion. An old woman, dumb and paralyzed in half her body for three years, was baptized in danger of death, and almost immediately recovered the use of her limbs and speech. "We dare not affirm," writes M. Desvault, "that these cures are miraculous; still we cannot help believing that the finger of God shows itself clearly in them." Thus emerging more beautiful from the persecutions into which it had been plunged, and superior to the calumnies of its enemies, who even resorted to money to shake the fidelity of its converts, the Catholic mission flourished at Honolulu, and was soon strengthened by the accession of Fathers Denys, Martial, and Barnabé. The Calvinists were foiled in their attempts to monopolise the education of the islands, and in 1841, the missionaries could count more Christians in Oahu alone, than in all the Gambier isles.* In this single island, more than five thousand persons forsook the paths of error to follow those of truth, and to taste that pure joy and delight unknown to them before. "We are happy," writes Father Martial Jean, "whilst our enemies live in perpetual torment, in seeing the confidence of our Christians increase with their number." Indeed there was enough to discourage the adversaries of the cross. After so many wiles, exertions and appropriations on their part, during more than twenty years to make these islands their *model-mission* (!) and the aid of a hundred and fifty auxiliaries of both sexes, and their influence over the king and chiefs, it must have been rather humiliating to see their pompous system more than half overturned in a few years by a few poor missionaries, destitute of every worldly advantage, and without any other support than the cross of their divine Master. In the village of Havai three hundred and fifty catechumens awaited baptism; natives from Mauai and Molokai, impatient of regeneration, braved all the perils of those oft stormy seas in their frail canoes, to seek out the missionary; and among them, a fine old man with white hairs, after receiving the sacrament, exclaimed so fervently as to move all present to tears,—"All my riches are now in heaven!"

In November, 1841, a Methodist challenged an examination of the Catholic schools. The challenge was accepted, and the missionaries presented about six hundred children. The ceremony was opened, in presence of the French and English consuls and most of the resident foreigners, by the singing of the Creed executed by the pupils in two choirs, followed by the Litany of the name of Jesus. The children were examined in Christian doctrine, reading, writing, geography, arithmetic, history and music. All were surprised at the number and proficiency of the scholars. Many assured the priests, that so brilliant an examination had never taken place in the country, not even in the American College of whites. The greater part of the audience hesitated not to assert, that the Catholic pupils had learned more in six months, than those of the Methodists in ten years.

Nor was this knowledge acquired at the expense of industrial pursuits. A

* Propagation of the Faith, vol. 15, (English edition) from p. 269 to 279.

mat factory was established by Father Martial Jean, and the women and girls vied with each other in making mats, sacks and baskets. The produce went undiminished to the workers. Land was obtained from a chief and parcelled out among the destitute Kanacs, to provide themselves with sugar-cane, taro, and potatoes. A large school house was erected for teaching the most important mechanical arts: melons and bananas were planted for the children.*

In 1843, the Catholic mission suffered severely from the loss of the bishop of Nilopolis and a number of religious, the fortune and hope of the vicariate apostolic. For a long time no tidings were received, and their fate was involved in uncertainty. "Our neophytes," says M. Desvault, "ask when they will see their bishop? What can we answer them! And when this loss shall be known, what effect will it produce on their minds? Pray to God that discouragement may not spread amongst our Christians!" To increase this affliction, persecution, as tenacious of life as the reptile which may typify it, revived afresh. In several districts, children were torn away from Catholic schools—parents were reduced to die of hunger, by stripping them of their lands and interdicting them from the *sea and the mountain*,—Catholics were forced to build churches and school houses for Calvinists, or, in case of refusal, were tied with cords, dragged from tribunal to tribunal, and treated in the most barbarous manner until they vomited blood. All this was done in violation of the treaty with La Place, and in the teeth of more recent stipulations with the commander of the *Embuscade*. They were followed by outrages even more alarming. M. Barnabé was grossly calumniated and confined to his house to prevent him from vindicating himself—an altar which he had erected was thrown down, and a church at Maui fired by incendiaries.

It might occasion a moment's surprise, that in the face of the success of the Catholic mission, these enormities could be perpetrated with impunity. But let it be remembered, that the hold of Catholicity was upon the Kanacs or serfs,—the grasp of Protestantism upon the king and the chiefs. In England, Germany, France and Poland, the throne and its minions were the first to embrace the doctrines of the reformers,—the people stood fast by the pope and the monasteries. It is not remarkable then, that a similar result should appear in Oceanica. Nor is this adaptation of Protestantism to the views and purposes of power, difficult of explanation. It is only being consistent; though consistency in Protestantism is wonderful enough. One of the great questions of the sixteenth century was, does the king govern *jure divino* or *jure humano?* He derives power from God, was the maxim of the reformers;—he derives it from the people, was the theory of Catholic divines. The controversy is told minutely and fairly enough in Ranke's History of the Popes.

Still, though thwarted by cunning and bruised by force, the flock continued to increase, and every day some new catechumen was registered. The missionaries, in 1844, could count twelve thousand five hundred Christians in the group, out of a hundred and twenty thousand inhabitants. Half of the population was still in the gloom of paganism; the remainder professed Protestants. Catholicity could only oppose nine priests to ninety parsons—a recent settlement to an old establishment and to all the advantages of priority; the Calvinists had all the chiefs and consequently all the wealth of the country; the throne was occupied by a king, who from his cradle had been in their power. "Judge then," writes M. Desvault, "how we ought to rejoice in the daily diffusion and progress of truth."*

* Propagation of the Faith, vol. xvi, (English edition) from p. 291 to 299. The reader is particularly referred to the Letters of M. Martial Jean, which are models of elegance and piety.

* Prop. of the Faith, vol. xviii, p. 101 to 109.

In the principal island, Hawaii, we find Calvinism almost eradicated by Catholicity before the close of 1846. The results obtained in three years by three Catholic missionaries in Hawaii, are perhaps the most brilliant portion of the triumphs we are recording. At Rona, the southern extremity of the island, where scarce a blade of grass conceals the gloomy barrenness of frightful rocks, are many fervent neophytes. Not twenty Calvinists remain about the little chapel of our Lady of Dolors, which sanctifies the spot. After leaving Rona twenty-five miles of a desert country brings you to the mission of the Sacred Heart, blessed with a school of seventy children and troubled with but few unconverted Calvinists. Descending towards the sea into more smiling regions, you enter the village of the Most Holy Trinity. You behold a church seventy-two feet long, and a school of more than a hundred scholars. The Calvinist school, demolished by the south wind, lies in ruins, and there are no arms to raise it up again. In addition to these, are the churches of the Assumption, of the Immaculate Conception, of Our Lady of Peace, of St. Peter, of the Holy Cross, of St. Catharine, of St. Joseph, of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, of Saints Peter and Paul, of St. Michael the archangel, of Our Lady of Good Help, and of Our Lady of Oceania. In the district of Kao alone, are two thousand scholars and eight chapels. "I am in the midst of all these congregations," writes M. Marechal, "like a father in the midst of his children. I love them and am beloved by them. When I arrived in this country, where now the crowd rushes to the religious services as in our best parishes in France, there was but a single Catholic who had been baptized by Father Ernest at Kaiula: he was the grain of mustard seed of the Gospel." In three years, more than forty chapels rose, as if by enchantment, in the midst of the different tribes, crowned with a cross to announce the victory of Christianity;—two-thirds of the population embraced Catholicity;—the Calvinist schools were almost all closed and their places supplied by the large and flourishing schools of the Catholic missionaries. Heresy, the first mistress of the islands, grew ashamed of her impotence and defeats. In spite of her double train of lying and tyranny, fourteen thousand Sandwich islanders, regenerated in the waters of baptism, demonstrate, that she will not gain the victory over the see of St. Peter; and three thousand catechumens in Mauai, the residence of the king and chiefs, and seat of a higher Protestant school, manifest the weakness of human means to abolish the kingdom of Jesus Christ.*

Our accounts terminate here: the promise of the future is as bright as the past has been stormy and glorious. Our narrative is extracted partly from the French and partly from the English numbers of the Annals. As we wished to preserve, as much as possible, the language of the missionaries themselves, we have used the very phraseology of the translator, except in a few instances, where, for the sake of brevity, we substituted our own. Coleridge excused his zeal for translation, by saying, that "He loved to have his mind lulled to sleep amidst the music of nobler thoughts;—we felt a similar pleasure in accepting the expressions before us instead of our own inferior language. To us, this abridgment has been a labor of love; we shall be amply rewarded, if it inspire a single person with a desire of learning more of the daily triumphs of our church in remote lands and over heathen people. It is time for Catholics to study the daily acts of their mother church, that they may not lose the contemplation of any part of her goodness and her beauty. The Annals of the Propagation of the Faith, should be to us dearer chronicles than the newspapers over which we gloat. Let us

* Propagation of the Faith, (English edition) January, 1847, No. xlvi, from p. 1 to 13.

forget awhile the state of the markets, to mark the state of the missions. Fling aside the novel, the poem, the essay, aye even the school-book and the law book for a time, to dwell upon the pages which qualify us the better to understand and appreciate the Lives of the Saints, and which may well form a sequel to Butler's admirable work. We do not expect any one to fall in love with our imperfect little epitome. But let the Catholic go to the sources from which it is drawn—and his heart will throb, as he sees the missionary rejoicing that—"The back is sacrificed to the load," and exulting in "the rough brake that virtue must go through." He will then be filled with admiration at the spectacle of the piety of Andronicus, the noble fortitude of Simeon, the magnanimous endurance of Uheta, and the resignation of poor Alodia. He will go in spirit to the little island of Naho, and kiss the earth that contains the ashes of the martyred Bachelot.

NEW VERSION OF THE TE DEUM.

For the U. S. C. Magazine.*

To thee, O God! we offer praise;
We greet thee, Lord! in joyous lays.
The earth throughout doth worship thee,
The Father of eternity.
To thee the heavens cry aloud,
The Powers and all th' angelic crowd,
Cherub and Seraph ever raise
To thee their voice of endless praise:
Thrice holy Father, holy Son,
Thrice holy Spirit, three in one.
The heavens tell thy glorious might,
The earth responds by day and night.
The glorious Apostolic choir,
The goodly Prophets' tuneful lyre,
The Martyrs' noble army praise
Thy name throughout eternal days.
The holy Church, o'er earth and sea,
In joyful hymn confesses thee,
The Father, uncreated One,
Thy holy, true, and only Son,
And Holy Ghost, the Paraclete,
The partners of thy blessed seat.
Thou art, O Christ! the glorious king,
To whom all creatures homage bring.
Thou hast the glorious title won,
"The Father's everlasting Son."
To avert from man his fearful doom,
Thou didst not dread a virgin's womb.
When thou triumphant from the grave
Didst rise, (it could not thee enslave),
Thy heavenly kingdom thou didst ope
To all who in thee place their hope.
At God's right hand, enthroned in might,
Thou sitt'st arrayed in robes of light;
And thou wilt come to judge all men,
To bless the good, the bad condemn.
O grant then to thy servants here,
For whom thou'st paid a price so dear,
Help from on high, with saints above
To share thy everlasting love.
Thy people save, O Lord! and bless
All who thy holy name confess.
Govern, and lift them to thy throne,
They wish to reign with thee alone.
From day to day we sing thy praise,
And bless thee in our festive lays;
And always glorify thy name,
Who wast and art fore'er the same.
O Lord! permit us not this day
By sin to go from thee astray.
Thy mercy, Lord! thy mercy show,
And on us all thy grace bestow.
We hope in thee, O Lord! give ear
Unto our fond and fervent prayer.
O Lord! most merciful and just!
Confound me not; in thee I trust.

* In this translation of the *Te Deum* the writer has borrowed freely from a version of the same hymn in the *Episcopal Recorder*. The above we consider a much more faithful expression of the sentiment and pathos in the original hymn than in the translation which is commonly published in our prayer books.

BLESSED BONIFACE OF SAVOY,

ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, ANNO 1244.

BY. REV. J. W. CUMMINGS, D. D.

For the U. S. C. Magazine.

"Deus qui in Ecclesia tua per Beatum Bonifacium Confessorem atque Pontificem mirabilis charitatis, ac pastoralis sollicitudinis exempla instaurare dignatus es, ejus meritis ac precibus concede ut ad animarum salutem jugiter intenti veram felicitatem consequi mereamur, Per Dominum nostrum Jesum Christum, &c.*

N Italian of royal lineage, found worthy to be called to the first episcopal see of England, honored heretofore with legendary and traditional renown, and after the lapse of centuries proposed, in our own times, to the veneration of the holy Catholic church, cannot fail to interest the lovers of ecclesiastical history. The house of Savoy was called by Pope Gregory XVI, of happy memory, *a family of saints*, in contemplation of the numerous personages appertaining to it, who have been honored with the title of *Beato* (see the note at p. 650). To which venerable authority it may be added, that the virtues of their illustrious ancestors, as well as their attachment to the centre of Catholic unity, have never been forgotten by the kings of Sardinia, down to the present excellent monarch, Charles Albert.

The grandfather of Archbishop Boniface was the blessed Hubert, celebrated for his firmness in opposing Frederic Barbarossa; for his retirement in the Monastery of Altacomba, and for his having exchanged the cowl with a coat of mail, and the rosary with a sword, when the freedom or annihilation of his country depended upon his presence, for a time, at the head of its army.

Boniface was born shortly after the commencement of the 13th century, of Thomas I, Hubert's son and successor, and Beatrix of Geneva. From his earliest years he gave signs of that piety and docility which, diligently cultivated by his instructors, made of him a great and good man. Although his father enriched him in his childhood with several feuds, he resolved to abandon the vanities of this world and retire into the Grand Chartreuse of Grenoble, with the intention of spending his whole life, in the penitential tunic of St. Bruno. But the designs of God are not always such as the humility of his servants would lead them to desire, had they a will different from his.

The illustrious recluse spent a considerable portion of his time, according to the statutes of the order, in the pursuance of sacred studies, those especially of canon law and theology. When yielding to the orders of his superiors, he left his beloved retreat to become prior of Nantua, he had already acquired the reputation of a learned professor of law and divinity. The next sacrifice imposed on his humility was the administration of the diocess of Bellay, and soon after, during the absence of its bishop, of that of Valenza. It will be readily understood how conspicuous must have been his prudence, and integrity in the fulfilment of these important offices, when we learn that Henry III, of England, in a letter to Pope Gregory IX, in which the knowledge and sanctity of the prelate are highly extolled, solicited his elevation to the see of Canterbury, that had become vacant by the death of

* Prayer appointed by the Sacred Congregation of Rites, in a Decree of Feb. 23, 1839, which establishes the mass and office of the B. Boniface of Savoy.

St. Edmund. Gregory having died in the interval, the choice was applauded and confirmed by his successor, Innocent IV, who summoned Boniface to Lyons, in order to consecrate him with his own hands.

The pontiff had named Lyons for the sitting of a general council, where he hoped to put an end to the scandals caused by the Emperor Frederic, and to induce the princes of Christendom to raise once more the standard of the cross in the Holy Land. This was in the year 1244.

The new British primate was soon on his way to the field of his future apostolic labors. Previous to his departure from Italy, he wrote several letters to the bishop of Winton, who had been exiled from England, to comfort him in his affliction; and others to the king, begging him to restore the bishop to his flock. These interesting letters have been preserved by Matthew Paris.

A letter was addressed to Boniface himself, about this time, by his former superior, Hugh, general of the Carthusian order, praising him for the good examples given while he was a religious, and recommending to his imitation the virtues of St. Edmund, his predecessor in the see of Canterbury, and of St. Hugh of Lincoln, who were both Carthusians, and who both continued to observe the rules of the order amidst the sublime duties of the episcopate.

The object of king Henry's counsellors in the election of the illustrious Italian, was to have amongst them at home, a celebrated scholar, who, like St. Anselm and Lanfranc would excite an ardor for the favorite studies of the age, in England, while he adorned the primatial see with the splendor of his nobility and virtue. The nomination of Boniface was therefore honorable to him in the highest degree. Nevertheless, his position in England was one of extreme delicacy. The higher prelates, from whose ranks the primate was usually chosen, had to make a generous effort to welcome sincerely, a stranger, and a foreigner, put thus unceremoniously above them; and the rest well knew, from the inflexible virtue of the personage, and the fearless and independent character which he had displayed upon various occasions, that he would be far from sparing the abuses which existed among them. Unfortunately, such abuses were in many instances but too unblushing. Even those writers who have sought to calumniate the memory of Boniface, confess that the time of his arrival in England was one of unusual difficulty. His noble bearing, however, his disinterested zeal, his mild and prudent virtue soon gained him the hearts of all.

His external attractions united with polished yet affable manners, gave new charms to his more superior acquirements. All the chroniclers of the age united in describing him as gifted with most extraordinary beauty. From his early youth he was called the Absalom of Savoy, and one of the reasons which led him to embrace the monastic state, was to escape from the trials into which his virtue was frequently brought by this dangerous embellishment. Like a second Joseph, he rendered it, by austerity and mortification, a greater occasion of merit in the eyes of God.

His energies were directed to root out from the sanctuary, every remnant of licentiousness, avarice, and simony which disgraced its ministers, and to engender a becoming spirit of obedience to their civil and ecclesiastical superiors. He had the consolation of seeing these praiseworthy efforts crowned with signal success. His next step was to remonstrate with King Henry upon the continued absence from his see of the bishop of Winton. This prelate had been deprived of the exercise of his authority, in a moment of passion, by the monarch—offended at the inflexibility with which he repelled all encroachments upon episcopal jurisdiction, and ecclesiastical immunity. Henry's respect for Boniface, joined with the disinterested, yet firm expostulations of the latter, obtained the restoration of the bishop to his

people, who had been without a pastor ever since his removal.

The king felt that the primate's course was dictated only by a sense of duty; hence he could not but respect him, even when his sentiments were at variance with, or opposed to his own. The king had proposed for the vacant see of Chester, a priest named Robert, whom Boniface in brief terms refused to confirm, on the simple grounds that, where the requisite science and virtue were deficient, royal favor could not render a subject worthy of the sublime office of a bishop. It subsequently appeared how well founded was the archbishop's estimate of character, for Richard of Wyke, named by him to the above-mentioned diocess, not only governed it with extraordinary wisdom and zeal; but after receiving in a better world the reward of his virtues, he was numbered upon the roll of the saints.

Henry had occasion to prove the satisfaction which we feel upon witnessing our rights, or pretensions abetted by a man of unflinching integrity, and known wisdom. The Italian prince, whom God had chosen for the pastor of his flock in England, after renouncing all political concerns in Italy, studiously avoided meddling with the parties which divided his adopted country. But the earl of Lancaster had gone so far in his opposition to his liege and rightful lord, as to imprison the bishop of Hereford, for his adherence to the royal cause. The primate, although at the hazard of irritating all the members, friends, and followers of the powerful house of Lancaster, firmly insisted upon the immediate release of the bishop, and did not hesitate to proceed to the sentence of excommunication against the indocile nobleman, thereby injuring his cause not a little with the body of the people.

The holy archbishop, however, was not left unmolested by the enemy of human virtue, in the enjoyment of unbroken tranquillity. The enemies whom his pious spirit of reform had raised up against him, endeavored in more ways than one to tarnish his character; procuring, by their obstinacy, numerous gems of tribulation for Boniface, who never ceased to beat courageously, the path of justice and duty. One of the persecutions he had to bear, was a daring attempt made by unprincipled men to ruin his reputation in the mind of Pope Innocent IV. The pope, however, not only rejected their false accusations, and gave public testimony of his esteem and friendship for the virtuous archbishop, but even wrote to him, expressing a desire of his presence in the capital of Christendom, where he intended to confer with him upon matters connected with the welfare of the universal church.

There are historians who attribute to Innocent the design of placing Boniface at the head of an army, which had been raised to deliver the dominions of St. Peter from imperial depredations, as it was well known to what a warlike race he belonged, and how great was his personal devotion to the apostolic see. Such a report may serve to illustrate the condition of the times; yet to us it appears unfounded. Whether the pope abandoned his idea, or whether, as seems more probable, he had never entertained it, the archbishop returned to England with entire approbation of what he had done, and strict injunctions to the clergy to submit to his decrees without demur.

We find evidences of a second journey of the archbishop to Italy, which he undertook in the hope of quelling by his authority, the unhappy dissensions which broke out in Savoy, at the death of his brother Amadeus IV. His successor, named Boniface, being a minor, two of his uncles made use of the occasion to advance unjustifiable pretensions. Turin had rebelled against the regent of the states, Count Thomas, likewise a brother of the archbishop, and had cast him into prison. Passing over these interesting events as foreign to our narrative, we will state, that the archbishop had the satisfaction of restoring peace to his native country before

returning to his see, which in the interval, he had confided to the administration of the wise Hugh of Mortimer.

The year of grace, 1259, is one of the most important in the history of the blessed Boniface. In that year, king Henry III, found it necessary to go to France, there to subscribe a treaty of peace arranged between him and St. Louis, by Alexander IV. During his absence, he named the archbishop of Canterbury, regent of the kingdom.

Boniface held at London, in the following year, a provincial council, which was honored by the presence of the pope's legates. His object was to procure assistance for the Christians of Armenia, who were threatened with an invasion by the infidels.

A remarkable fact in the life of B. Boniface is, that of his having uniformly possessed the full esteem and unshaken confidence of king Henry, even to the end. In those days, a ready way for an ecclesiastic of losing the friendship of a man of power, was to thwart his inclinations, or obstruct his path by the sudden interposition of ecclesiastical authority. Of this there are many melancholy examples, amongst which, the death of St. Thomas a Becket, which happened in Boniface's own cathedral, shows the case to have been neither rare nor insignificant. Still, as we have seen, did he address Henry with the utmost freedom, when duty impelled him to do so, and still did the monarch reverence and love him more than before. Of this he gave him a new proof in 1263, when having again to go to France with the queen, they desired the archbishop to accompany them, wishing to avail themselves of his counsel in the difficult negotiations which they were about undertaking.

In 1269, he passed the channel for the last time, to console with his presence, his august family, and his brother Philip, who then governed their states. A great many Englishmen accompanied their pastor, to whom God did not grant the satisfaction of returning once more to his beloved see. Exhausted by the toils of his long episcopate, which lasted twenty-five years, and oppressed by severe illness, the blessed Boniface of Savoy died, on the 14th of July, 1270, in the castle of St. Helen du Molard.

In his will, which he had written in the month of October, 1264, choosing for his executors, Eleanora, queen of England, and Margaret, queen of France, he had selected the place of his interment with singular precision. Should his death happen in England or on sea, he desires to be buried in his Cathedral of Canterbury. If on the mainland, in the Abbey of Pontiguy. But were he to die to the east of Mount Cenis, he selects Altacomba, in Savoy; if beyond Mount Cenis, the Abbey of St. Michael della Chiusa. Each of these sanctuaries had been endowed by his munificence; and it is possible that he selected his resting place with so much precision in the view of forestalling all future contests among them, or to prevent the pomp of a solemn transferment of his remains, which would have been offensive to his humility.

He was, in observance of the will, interred in the chapel of Altacomba, already honored by the relics of the blessed Hubert, grandfather to the archbishop, and at a later period, by the tombs of numerous princes of the royal house of Sardinia. A handsome bronze monument was placed over his remains, at the right hand side of the altar, upon which is a full-length figure of the archbishop in his pontifical robes, with his hands crossed upon his breast, and his eyes closed in peaceful slumber. One side of the monument bears the following epitaph in gothic letters:

Hic jacet Bonifacius de Sabaudia Cantuariensis Archiepiscopus operibus bonis et virtutibus plenus, Obiit autem apud Sanctam Helenam Anno Domini M. CC. LXX. XIV. die Julii.

Here lies Boniface of Savoy, Archbishop of Canterbury, full of virtue and good works.

He died at Saint Helen's, in the year of our Lord 1270, on the 14th day of July.

The generosity of the archbishop, in favor of his diocess, and of numerous convents, churches, hospitals and other charitable institutions in England, deserves particular mention. Among the last mentioned, the hospital of Maidstone was built and endowed entirely by him. Moreover, in his will, he left large sums of money to various religious and charitable foundations in France and Italy. We will record amongst other donations the gift of a magnificent library, presented by him to the Grand Chartreuse of St. Bruno, where he had pronounced his first religious vows, and prosecuted his early studies. There is still extant a letter of Hugh, Prior of that monastery, in which he returns thanks to the prelate for his munificence.

These are the most remarkable features of the life of the great and holy archbishop, to whom, some few historians, influenced by the petty dictates of party spirit, have vainly sought to ascribe ambitious and dishonorable motives.

Three hundred years after his death, his body was discovered free from corruption. During the horrors of the French revolution, the abbey of Altacomba did not escape the ravages of the modern Vandals. Its temple was profaned, and the sepulchres of the princes who were buried there, broken and destroyed.

Divine Providence saved from dispersion the bones of his servants Hubert and Boniface. According to the pastoral letter of Monseigneur Martinet, Archbishop of Chambery, (for the lent of 1839) this prelate, as a delegate of his predecessor, formally investigated, and legalized the identity of those precious relics, in the year 1825. In 1826 they were transferred to the shrines erected for their reception by king Charles Felix, the restorer of that venerable abbey.

The name of Boniface had been registered at an ancient day in the Gallican Martyrology, and his festival was appointed by the calendar of the church of Ivry. Miraculous cures had taken place from time to time at his tomb, until finally, king Charles Albert requested the sacred congregation of Rites, through Count Broglia, his ambassador at Rome, to sanction the *cultus ab immemorabili* of the holy prelate. After long and mature consideration of the motives exposed by Cardinal Lambruschini and others, and the minute legal investigations usually instituted on such occasions, a favorable decree was issued on the 7th of September, 1838.

Thus good reader, hast thou before thee a simple narrative of the life of a great and holy man without any effort of the humble pen of him who with some little trouble collected these facts, to heighten them with dramatic coloring, or to lengthen them out by unnecessary additions.

Boniface was one of those saints who seem to be given to earth to render virtue amiable. Severe against himself, he was ever gracious, affable, and patient with others. He was firm as a rock in the discharge of his duty; yet his firmness lay in the steadiness with which he kept his object in view—not in the selection of harsh means for its accomplishment. He showed that virtue is not to be placed in a rigid exterior, nor in a contempt for the feelings of mortality; for at the same time he was a great saint, an affectionate relation, and a devoted friend. Knowledge, united with piety, preserved him from the snares of the world, in his youthful days, and in his maturer years was to him, as Mentor to the Greek, a guide that led him through all difficulties, and procured him extraordinary honors, exalted dignity, and the affectionate esteem of other men. His superior qualities would nevertheless have remained buried in obscurity, had not circumstances, or rather a special providence, called him forth to act before the world, or we would have heard of him only as a prudent and virtuous prior of his brother monks. But had the same combinations which placed him in a higher indeed, yet still subordinate sphere, ele-

vated him to a more conspicuous and difficult position, it is highly probable that he would have been a great pope, or a great emperor, as he proved to be a great archbishop.

NOTE. A word on the titles Venerable, Blessed, and Saint. The title of *Venerabilis* commonly indicates that the personage to whom it is applied has been duly decreed a fit subject to undergo the process, which terminating successfully will entitle him to beatification. *Beatus* is a title derived from a legitimate concession of the Holy See to some particular kingdom, province, religious order, or other definite body, in force of which he who is honored with it, may be publicly venerated as reigning with Christ, in the form granted in said concession. The form thus granted is the recitation of the hours, the celebration of mass, the public exposition of his relics, &c. The title of *Sanctus* is applied by canonization; i. e. by a public judgment of the Apostolic See, and an express definition of the sanctity and glory of a personage who, with solemn ceremonies, is enrolled in the catalogue of saints, and proposed to all the church militant to be venerated with the honors due to a saint. . . . . All this is to be understood in a strict and proper sense. For besides *formal* canonization, in which the pope maintains the judicial course and gives sentence with the ordinary forms of ceremonial solemnity, there is the canonization *æquipollens*, when without giving sentence in judicial form, and omitting the usual solemn ceremonies, the pope appoints a day in which mass and office are ordered to be said throughout the church, in honor of a holy personage who is proved to have been venerated from ancient times; whose sanctity has been confirmed by undying fame, and frequent miracles.

Thus a servant of God is *formally* beatified, when, after a formal discussion of his virtues or martyrdom, and miracles, the sovereign pontiff gives him the title *Beatus*, and permits him to be venerated within certain limits, adding in most cases the concession of his mass and office. But the beatification is *æquipollens*, when sanctioning the fame of his virtues or martyrdom, and miracles, the pope ratifies the sentence of an ordinary, or of a delegated judge on the veneration from time immemorial of some holy man.

CELEBRATED PAINTERS.

(Compiled for the U. S. C. Magazine.)

No. III.—THE ROMAN SCHOOL.

LANZI speaks of some painters of this school who flourished in the 13th century; among them we find the names of Ugolino, of Orvietto, and Peter della Francesca, whose works are very little known. The founder of the Roman school, properly so called, was Peter Vanucci, the master of Raphael, known under the appellation of Perugino, because the city of Perugia was his adopted country, and the principal scene of the renown he acquired in the cultivation of the fine arts. Citta-della-Pieve was the place of his birth, which took place in 1446. His parents were in indigent circumstances, and the youthful artist was obliged, in order to reach Florence, to appeal to the charity of the public. He soon acquired a name in that city, and sold his compositions at a very high price. After a long stay at Florence, Perugino went back to Perugia, where he founded a school which produced the Roman, the first among those of Italy.

The style of this artist is, according to Lanzi, a little dry and rough, as that of all the painters of that epoch, but he excels in the beauty of his heads, in the gracefulness of attitude, and in the vividness of coloring. The azure ground of his productions gives a great relief to his figures. He has a method peculiar to himself of blending the three colors of rose, green and purple. His landscapes present admirable perspectives which, be-

fore him, were unknown to the Florentines.

Perugino executed a great number of fresco and oil paintings. Florence, Naples, Rome, and especially Perugia, possess the greater part of his compositions. His Marriage of the Blessed Virgin is one of the most curious pieces in the last mentioned city. His most admired frescoes are a series of paintings in the Exchange of the same place. The museum of the Louvre at Paris contains the Virgin, the Holy Family, Jesus crowned with thorns, and Jesus appearing to Magdalen, from the same artist. The poverty of this eminent painter produced an avaricious spirit, which led him to carry all his money about his person. His servant aware of the fact, lay in wait for him in some secluded spot, and inflicted upon him a deadly wound, which terminated his life in 1524. He had reached the advanced age of seventy-eight years.

Raphael (Raffaello Sanzio) was born at Urbino in 1483. His father taught him the rudiments of the pictorial art which he cultivated himself, and subsequently placed him under the charge of Perugino. At seventeen, the genius and talent of Raphael enabled him to execute pieces superior to those of his master. His Marriage of the Virgin, the famous *Sposalizio*, a production of his early youth, would alone be sufficient to place him at the head of his profession. He undertook, at the age of twenty, in conjunction with Pinturrichio, the frescoes of the cathedral of Sienna: paintings which have retained all their freshness down to the present day.

In 1504, Raphael set out for Florence, attracted by the reputation of Michael Angelo and Da Vinci. He remained four years, with some interruption, in this city, and left it for Rome, whither he was called by his uncle, the great architect Bramonte. Pope Julius II employed him for the decoration of one of the halls of the Vatican. The young artist chose for his subjects, Theology, Philosophy, Poetry, and Justice. Theology he represented by a discussion held among the doctors of the church, on the subject of the Eucharist; Philosophy was symbolized by the school of Athens; Parnassus was the emblem of Poetry, and Jurisprudence that of Justice. The pontiff was so charmed with the compositions of Raphael, that he determined to have no painting in his palace from any other artist, and he gave orders for the removal of the frescoes executed by others.

The demise of Julius did not interrupt the labors of Raphael. Leo X, a munificent patron of the arts, directed the work to be continued. The last production of our artist was his painting of the Transfiguration, which is considered superior to any of his other pieces. He died at the early age of thirty-seven years, hurried to the grave by a disease which had originated in the irregularities of his life. His body was interred in the Pantheon, and the following epitaph, written by Cardinal Bembo, was inscribed upon his mausoleum:

Ille est Raphael, timuit quo sospite vinci
Rerum magna parens, et moriente mori.

Raphael left many disciples who sustained the glory of their master. Those deserving of particular notice are Giulio Romano, Francesco Penni, John of Udino, and Poliodorus Caravagio.

Giulio Romano (Pippi), born at Rome in 1492, was the most distinguished pupil of Raphael. He assisted him in his grand frescoes of the Vatican, and continued them after the decease of his master. Clement VII employed him to execute some pieces in the hall of Constantine, from the drawings of Raphael. He showed, by a great power of conception and a peculiar strength of coloring, that he was not a servile imitator of Raphael. Frederick Gonzaga, marquis of Mantua, invited him to his dominions, and confided to him the embellishment of his capital. He was so munificently rewarded by this prince that he found himself in possession of an income amounting to one thousand

ducats. It was the intention of the artist to return to Rome; but death terminated his glorious career at Mantua in 1546, in the fifty-fourth year of his age.

Caravagio (Michael Angelo Amerigi) was born in the castle of the same name in 1569. He was the son of a mason, and spent his youth in blending colors for the use of painters. His method was different from that of the great masters who had preceded him, and he copied nature in all its wild and rude appearance, without any attempt at embellishment. Being of a morose disposition, he delighted in living alone, and in the most secluded spots. He often quarrelled with his brother painters, and on one occasion, he killed a young man who was endeavoring to separate him from his adversary. He died wretchedly on the public road at Ponte-Ercolo, in 1609.

Mengs (Anthony Raphael), born at Aussig in Bohemia, the 12th March, 1728, was trained in his profession by his father, who made him observe a most rigid discipline. He was forced to employ sixteen hours every day in drawing, summer and winter. In 1740, his father took him to Rome, where he remained five years in studying the chefs d'œuvre of ancient and modern artists. His time was spent in the Sixtine chapel or the Vatican, with only a loaf of bread and a pitcher of water for his meals. On his return to Dresden in 1746, he was kindly welcomed by Augustus III, who appreciated his merit, and appointed him his chief painter. In 1748, he returned to the eternal city, where he executed a Holy Family, which gave occasion to the most interesting incident of his life. The young peasant girl, Margherita Guazzi, whom he had chosen as a model of the Virgin, so captivated his heart by her simplicity and modesty, no less than by her beauty, that he married her, after abjuring Protestantism in which he had been educated.

Benedict XIV named him professor in the school of painting which he had founded in the Capitol. In 1761, he set out for Madrid at the request of Charles III, who gave him a salary of two thousand doubloons. Among the productions which acquired for him immortal fame, we must mention a series of paintings in oil, on the Passion; and also the birth of Aurora, the Apotheosis of Hercules, and that of Trajan, executed in fresco. He went back to Rome in 1769, and terminated, four years later, all the works ordered by Clement XIV for the Vatican. He made a second journey into Spain, but finding that the climate was injurious to his health, he returned to Rome in 1777. The grief he felt at the death of his wife, accelerated his own, which occurred on the 20th June, 1779. Mengs wrote many treatises on painting, in the Italian, Spanish and German languages. From the period in which the disciples of Raphael flourished, and the time when Mengs gave a lustre to the Roman school, the following painters acquired some celebrity in the eternal city: Bonaventura Tisi, surnamed *Garofalo*, the two Caravagios, Andrew Sacchi, Giuseppino, Carlo Maratte, Peter of Cortona, and Batoni.

P.

THE CATHOLIC BRIDE,

OR, MORAL LETTERS ADDRESSED TO JULIA, DAUGHTER OF COUNT SOLARO DELLA MARGARITA, ON THE OCCASION OF HER MARRIAGE TO COUNT EDUARDO DEMORRI DI CASTEL MAGNO.

Translated from the Italian, for this Magazine, by Charles Constantine Pise, D. D.

LETTER VII.

From the Reverend Filippo Storace.

ILLUSTRIOUS LADY:

AMID the rejoicings and festivities of these auspicious days, in which all your friends participate, in consequence of your marriage with the excellent Count de Castelmagno, it would ill become me not to partake largely of the common joy and exultation, who am bound by so many endearing ties of benevolence, and of gratitude, to your distinguished family: to your loving parents, flowers of nobility and refinement, and rare and brilliant models of every civic and religious virtue. Leaving, however, to others, the pleasure of tendering their elegant congratulations on a union so happily concerted, and on the admirable qualities of your spouse, and, of course, on the splendid future, which, by God's kind favor, dawns upon your hopes; I prefer to mingle my rejoicings on another account,—that at your nuptials, as of yore, at those of Cana, I see, in spirit, our divine Redeemer presiding, in company with his blessed mother.

You readily understand my meaning. For, thoroughly, is your heart convinced of the necessity of a pure and holy intention, while standing at the foot of the bridal altar. While too many young ladies of your age enter upon the marriage state for the mere motive of enjoying a certain freedom from restriction, or from a romantic desire of making their appearance on the stage of the world, you, who have been taught better lessons, in the act of binding yourself with these indissoluble chains, will not fail to keep the eyes of your mind raised up to heaven. Faithful to the first inspirations which you imbibed with your mother's milk, the germs of holy thoughts and chaste affections which, cultivated afterwards under the shadow of the Sacred Heart of Jesus,* brought forth an abundance of pious fruits, you would not have taken any step, in this most important affair, without first consulting the will of God. This is acting wisely. For here below we are all pilgrims, hurrying on, at a rapid pace, to a blissful eternity. But wo to us, if, instead of leaving to God to point out the path in which we should walk, we presume to make the choice, of our own will and caprice. It is written that every tree that is not planted by the Almighty's hand, shall be cut down. There are twelve gates, it is true, that lead into the heavenly Jerusalem, but it belongs to God to open one rather than another. He calls us all, by different ways, to his kingdom: some amid the splendors of a throne; others in the humility and obscurity of the cloister; others in the enjoyment of riches; others in the privations and sorrows of poverty; one with the spotless purity of virginity; and another, in fine, with the immaculate sanctity of the marriage state.

* Alluding to the convent of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, where she was educated.

Each one, says the apostle, has his peculiar gift from God. And she alone can be confident of having made a proper use of that gift, who is guided in it, after fervent prayers and mature deliberation, by the wise suggestions of her parents.

Let us, then, bless God, may I say in the language of St. Jane Frances of Chantal, addressed on a similar occasion to her second daughter, *for your having been so fortunate; dispose your heart to love Him more, and be more grateful to Him than ever. Let your only ambition, in future, be to distinguish yourself by your modesty and wisdom in the state of life which you have embraced, and to profess, openly and solemnly your practice of Christian devotion and piety.*

It should be the glory of a young lady to shed around her the sweet fragrance of virtue, the aroma of heaven, the balm of paradise. The more elevated her rank in society, the brighter should be the light, the more brilliant the splendor, of her actions. Let your light shine before men, says our Saviour, that they may see your good works; that is, as some of the fathers expound the text, that they may imitate them, and thus glorify your Father who is in heaven.

Wherefore St. Chrysostom has added: "I prefer to find distinguished for their many virtues those who inhabit large cities, than those who spend their lives in the desert. And why? Because from the example of the former much greater benefit is derived, as they do not light their candle to put it under a bushel. I would that every candle were placed on the candlestick, in order that it might spread abroad the rays of its light.

"Let it not be said: I am now married, I have my children to educate, my family to take care of, and how can I find time for the practice of the virtues? If all these concerns were no impediment in your way, nevertheless, if irresolute and tepid, you would not give yourself to acts of virtue; whereas, on the other hand, if you possess an upright and courageous soul, those domestic cares will be no hindrance to the cultivation of devotion. All that is required is the will of a strong and generous mind, and, then, neither youth nor age, nor poverty, nor wealth, nor multiplicity of occupations, nor any thing else will prevent you from applying yourself to the exercise of virtue."*

Devotion does not debase or humble the human character, as the enemies of religion pretend: in order the more effectually to attack and combat it, they represent it as the portion of abject and timid minds. They are in the habit of giving to words any meaning but their natural one, and, thus, wage a war, founded upon their false paralogism, upon the thing itself. When, therefore, they attack devotion, they admire it in their hearts as the basis of all virtues, but in order to impugn it with safety, they call it delusion, hypocrisy, imposture; they make a rule of the exception, and confound with virtue itself the abuse which is sometimes made of it; and because they may have detected that abuse in some devotees, they fancy they have achieved a triumph over devotion itself.

But you well know what true devotion is. Nothing else, according to the definition of St. Francis of Sales, than a general inclination and power of our soul, to do what we know is pleasing to God. Now I ask: can there be any exercise, study, or disposition more noble, more sublime than this, or more congenial to a matron, a lady of refined spirit, cultivated manners, and lofty sentiments? St. Augustine observed with a *concetto* worthy of himself, that to serve God is to reign. Seneca, the pagan, who was irradiated only by the light of nature, affirmed, that obedience to God is perfect liberty. A simple creature, a vile worm that crawls on the earth, man, who has nothing of himself, not even existence, is called to serve that glorious Being, whose glory, in the words of the Scripture, the heavens proclaim: that terrible Lord and almighty

*In Math. num. 43, 44.

Sovereign of the universe, whose magnificence extends infinitely beyond the firmament, whose wisdom knows no limits, and whose goodness and mercy surpass all measure! And can we imagine any act more worthy of our intelligence, than to honor, serve, and love so great a Being, to whose worship and service the affections of our hearts so naturally tend.

Continue, then, with a frank and generous soul, illustrious lady, the path upon which you have entered: stir up, to this end, all the energies of your courageous heart, and glory, with the apostle, in Christ, and in him crucified. And the more conspicuously that divine lover of your soul has signalised you, in society, by the most brilliant qualities and gifts, the more pride should you take in, always, displaying the conduct of a true Christian, the sincere disciple of Jesus, by the constant and assiduous practice of piety and devotion.

Devotion, the purest fountain of undefiled religion, inspires the wish and the resolution to give to God what belongs to God. The humble oblation of yourself to him when you awake in the morning, the daily attendance at the sacrifice of the mass (as far as practicable), the attentive reading of spiritual books, and, especially, an habitual regard to the presence of that infinite Majesty who sees all things, fervent aspirations and ejaculations to the heart of our Saviour, frequent reception of the holy Eucharist, and other acts of true and enlightened piety, for which you can always find leisure, in the midst of the numerous and necessary occupations of your family.

Devotion, the daughter of charity, makes you all to all, without ceasing to be wholly His, to whom you have consecrated your being. Man, writes St. Francis of Sales, may be, at the same time, entirely God's, entirely his father's, his mother's, his children's, his friends', in such a manner that, being all to each, he may likewise be all to all. Because the duty which makes him all to some, is not contrary to that which makes him all to all: provided that what is given to God in preference to every thing else cannot be taken from him by any other love. And no love can separate our hearts from God, except that which is contrary to him.*

Devotion, the school of perfection, accompanies and directs even the most ordinary and indifferent actions, referring all to the intention of pleasing and glorifying God, according to the counsel of the apostle: "Whether you eat or drink, do all things for the glory of God."

Devotion, the principle of order, assigns to every moment of time its proper measure, so that the fulfilling your duties to God will not interfere with those you owe your husband, your family, your parents, your friends, nor with the reasonable amusements of society. And, on the contrary, the fulfilling of the social duties will never prevent you from attending to those of religion and piety.

Devotion, the inspirer of sound prudence, gives such a character to every circumstance, to the richness of dress, reciprocity of visits, enjoyment of lawful amusements, and the very practice of devout exercises, that, observing, in all, a wise moderation, it must command the respect of the judicious and discreet. It prescribes, on all occasions, the rule which St. Louis, king of France, adopted with regard to his dress: that every person should dress according to his rank; so that the wise and good can never say: you go to extremes; nor the young: your fashion is too loose. But when the young will not be satisfied with what is proper, they should be governed by the maxims of the wise.†

Devotion, in fine, is the mother of holy modesty, the loveliest ornament of the sex. You, excellent lady, are so striking and brilliant an example of this virtue, that your presence alone is sufficient to check and condemn the dissolute. In you this virtue appears, in the manner of your

* Treatise of the Love of God, book x, ch. 3.
† In his work entitled "Philothea."

dress, and in eschewing, in the decoration of your person, whatever might become a rock of scandal, to others. Even amid the darkness of paganism, Meleppa, the Pythagorean, wrote, in the following terms, to Chares: "a wise and virtuous woman should always have an eye to modesty in her dress, and not to magnificence. She looks for propriety, and the severest decency, and never admits those meretricious and superfluous ornaments which luxury has invented, and which nature condemns."

These are a few of the principal characters of Christian devotion: of which, in your new state of life, you should continue to make a public and candid profession, without the least dissimulation, or concealment.

Perhaps there may be some under whose eyes my letter may fall, who will be inclined to smile, if not with derision, at least with pity, at my inculcating devotion and piety, on the festive occasion of your nuptials. But, I feel convinced, that the subject is peculiarly appropriate to the circumstances. If devotion be the gentle inclination of the heart to every legitimate affection, if it be the prompting of the will to discharge every honest duty, why consider it ill-timed to inspire you, at this happy juncture, with holy love, and recommend the proper exercise of it on that solemn act of union, which kindles the chaste flame that is intended to consume two hearts in mystic holocaust? Far from me, indeed, be the austerity and rigor, that would interfere with the customary rejoicings and celebrations on such joyous occasions. Still, I cannot forget, in the midst of all these festivities, that there is nothing that adds so much to the spontaneous hilarity of the heart, and the lasting content of the newly married pair, as the practice of enlightened piety and true devotion.

Is it not the first duty of a Christian bride to cherish the deepest sympathy, the tenderest affection for her husband. To devote herself, with all her solicitude, to the interests of her family? To bear, with patient fortitude, all the inconveniences inseparable from her state of life? To discharge, in fine, with dignified complacency, all the courtesies which society requires. Now devotion teaches and regulates all this. It may be said to resemble the manna of the desert, which suited all tastes, and satisfied all the various exigences of the people: in like manner does devotion adapt itself to all the decorums and requirements of social life. Thrice happy the bride, who, submitting her will to the law of God, consecrates herself, with a devout and generous soul, to the observance of it, in all its extension. Like the noble tree planted by the water side, she will bear, in the proper season, abundant fruits. The devout woman of the Gospel, is the valiant woman of the Proverbs. But where is the man who would not go to the utmost boundaries of the earth in quest of her whose price is beyond all value: she who possesses devotion, is blessed with that inestimable treasure.

In proof of this truth, we have the history and example of many illustrious matrons, renowned for sanctity, and of some who are honored on our altars. In vain do men of the world attempt to depreciate this most beautiful gem of paradise: in vain do they pretend that devotion weakens the energies of the mind, when we remember the magnanimous courage and wondrous wisdom of Elizabeth, queen of Hungary; in vain do they affirm that it deadens the natural sensibilities of the heart, and stifles its affections, when we appeal to the tender love and unprecedented heroism of Clotilda, queen of France. In vain do they insist that, at least, it detracts from the refinement, polish, and elegance of life, when we read of the captivating, manners, and admirable graces of Margaret of Savoy. Devotion is not opposed to moderate and becoming amusements: of this, the rule of life proposed to himself by the holy Count Eleazar de Province, bears unquestionable evidence: *I do not*

intend that my castle should be made a cloister, and that its inmates should live like hermits. There is no cause why they should not be gay, provided they do not what their consciences would condemn, or what would expose them to offend God. The saintly Mary of Savoy, has beautifully and justly remarked, that *sincere devotion will make us happy both in this world and in the other.* And before her day, the inspired apostle had written: "piety is useful for all things."

I have but one more word to add: and that is to recommend to you the counsel of our own venerable Father Giacinto de S. Maria: *cherish a tender love for the blessed mother of God, a great dread of hell, an ardent longing after the joys of paradise, and a firm hope of obtaining them.* Illustrious lady, the love of Mary is the foundation and life of all true devotion: it is the test by which the genuine may be distinguished from the spurious. You who have ever fostered this love in your heart will not fail to express it with your lips, to manifest it in your actions. And, offering to that most holy virgin a fervent prayer for your future happiness, both here and hereafter, I have the honor to be,

Your humble servant,

FILIPPO STORACE.

GENOA, *August 9th*, 1845.

TREUGA DEI, OR THE TRUCE OF GOD.

We need not mourn for thee, here laid to rest,
Earth is thy bed, and not thy grave; the skies
Are for thy soul, the cradle and the nest,
There live!— TASSO.

CHAPTER X.

OWARDS the close of November, on one of those bright warm days, when winter, as if in memory of the departed summer, puts by his blasts and snows, the Countess of Montfort was seated at the bedside of the lady Margaret. The countess, though in the bloom of health and youth, was sad and tearful. The maiden, though her breath was short and difficult, wore a smile upon her lips. The shadow of death was on her sunken temples, and had touched her quivering nostril and waxen ear, through which the light came as through porcelain. Yet the eyes were closed and the pale lips moved and the wasted hands, embracing a crucifix, were joined in prayer. She could still beg God to heal the feud. How edifying, how beautiful, how sublime the spectacle! Sublimer than the deeds of heroes, the conceptions of poets, the aspirations of genius. What is Archimedes moving the world, to the humblest Christian moving heaven by prayer!

In a corner of the room, a small statue of the immaculate Mother of God stood upon a pedestal. The marble figure breathed all that purity and simplicity so striking in the images which adorned the old Gothic cathedrals. The eyes of the maiden frequently rested upon it; and as often as sunset came, she would bid the countess place a bunch of flowers at its feet. Thus did she continue to the end of her life, the pious custom of her infancy.

All was still in the darkened chamber and the rich tapestry hung mournfully from the walls. The things of earth make the earthly heart ache in the presence of death. But how joyously the eye of faith kindled up, as it rested on the face of the meek sufferer.

The door opened softly—a light step entered—and a female servant whispered something to the countess. She started

and looked suddenly at Margaret. The invalid had caught the whisper, low as it was. A slight tinge was visible on her cheek, as she pressed her white fingers to her breast and said in a low tone:

"God be praised! It is my father! Bring him to me."

Is this dying girl his daughter? Is this attenuated form all that remains of his noble, his beautiful, his darling Margaret? Like a blasted pine, the stalwart warrior fell upon his knees, with a groan as if his heart had burst, and buried his face in the curtains. Henry all tears and sobs, caught his sister's outstretched hand and held it to his heart, gazing in anguish at the ruin of his idol. Behind these knelt Father Omehr. For a moment the man triumphed over the Christian, and he too felt the thorn of grief in his throat. But when Margaret's calm eye rested on him and her meek smile beamed out, he felt that rapture which is only known to the holy, when a soul is happily returning to the bosom whence it came.

"Let us thank God for having thus united us!" said the lady Margaret, and they remained some minutes in silent prayer.

"Father!" whispered the invalid.

The broad chest was convulsed and the moan deepened, but that bent, crushed figure made no reply.

"Father!" she repeated as her hand fell, in a caress, upon her parent's head.

Sir Sandrat, starting at her touch, looked up and seized the hand. A minute had changed his face, as if a year had been ravaging there: it was so furrowed, so haggard. He gazed but an instant at his daughter; then, hid his face again, muttering but one word—"Margaret!"

"Father," said the maiden to Father Omehr, who now stood at her pillow, "is Albert of Hers at home?"

The missionary nodded.

"Let him know that Margaret de Stramen, on her death bed, entreated him to fly here without a moment's delay."

Even the sound of that hated name produced no perceptible impression upon the heart broken baron.

The Count Montfort, who had just entered the room, suddenly exclaimed:—

"I, myself, will deliver your message, my child, as quickly as horse can speed."

Margaret endeavored to thank him, but exhausted by excitement and exertion she fell back upon her pillow. The countess prudently led the unresisting father from the room, and despatched Henry to administer to his grief.

"I am changed," said Margaret to the missionary as she recovered.

"God has changed you for himself, my child," replied the old man, struggling with the weakness of human nature, for he had known and loved her from her infancy.

"I have hoped so, even in the recollection of my many sins; for His mercy is infinite. May he uphold and strengthen my father and teach him to rejoice in the change he now deplores!"

The countess left the room, and once more the lady Margaret opened her soul to her first confessor.

The baron knelt all night beside his dying child. He watched her broken slumbers, as if he feared each might be the last. A thousand signs of anguish and affection were given and returned before another day began to dawn. How precious are the last hours of life! In our inability to lengthen them, we strive to gather into them more feeling and action than we could extract from as many years.

As the sun flashed out, the lady Margaret seemed animated with new strength. Her father trembled at the suggestion—what if she should recover! Thus hope feeds upon the hollow wishes of the heart.

An hour before noon, the Count Montfort, accompanied by Albert of Hers, entered the apartment. Sir Albert, obeying a look which the maiden gave him, advanced, and with much emotion pronounced the words,—"My lady, I am here!"—

Sir Sadrat had anticipated all; nor did

his son manifest the least surprise. They both stood sorrowful and mute, nor did anger and disdain appear in the features with which they were so familiar. Albert of Hers saw, at a glance, the position in which he was placed.

"Father!"—began the sinking girl,—"Father!—Let me die in the assurance of meeting you hereafter. In the name of Him before whom I am soon to appear—forgive this man!"

The struggle had already taken place in the baron's soul. When his heart was trampled in the dust, his pride was broken. The stubborn rock was smitten by the heaven-directed wand, and the waters of contrition gushed forth.

"You have conquered, my child," he murmured, kneeling and kissing her pale forehead.

"Not I, my father. God is the conqueror!"—

It seemed as if her upward glance had rested upon something more than mortal, her face assumed an expression of such unearthly meaning. Sir Albert, too, knelt beside his ancient foe: he felt it impious to stand.

The maiden motioned to the countess, who raised and supported her in her arms and drew back the long hair which had partially covered the hollow cheeks. Without a word, but with an eloquence that must have charmed the attendant angels as much as it entranced the mortals who witnessed it, she placed her father's hand into Sir Albert's right hand whilst Henry took the left.

"Albert de Hers!" said Sir Sandrat, as the tears coursed down his brown cheeks, "I freely forgive you and yours; and never more shall my hand be raised against you, save in defence!"

Henry repeated the words after his father.

"And I," said the lord of Hers, "will forget the past; and I declare, here in the presence of dying innocence, that I am guiltless of your brother's blood!"—

The Countess of Montfort sobbed aloud, and her husband made no effort to conceal his tears. Father Omehr, who had raised his hands to heaven in an ecstacy of gratitude, now exclaimed:—

"Let me speak for one who is not here:—Gilbert de Hers has long since forgiven those who were once his father's foes."

The object of her life was attained—the goal was reached—the victory was won. There lay the victor supported in the arms of her friend. The victory was hers;—for though heaven had won it,—she had won heaven by prayer. What are earth's conquests to a victory like this! What the splendid overthrow of nations—what Thermopylæ or Marathon or Trafalgar to this triumph over long nourished hatred! When does man appear in so magnificent an attitude, as when by fervent prayer and complete humility, he converts heaven into an agent by which his desires are accomplished.

Yet the dying victor felt no pride. Her heart was dissolved in gratitude: she knew her nothingness and ascribed all to God. She spoke not, she wept not:—even the wonted smile forsook her lips. She only felt the immensity of the goodness of God,—she only bowed before this new manifestation of his power. The three knights, who looked up in her face, saw she was invoking a blessing upon them, and reverently bent their heads, as if in the feeling that the blessing was then descending.

Young girls, clothed in white, were noiselessly strewing with flowers, the way by which the adorable sacrament was to pass from the chapel to the chamber. The blessed candle, the emblem of the light of faith and of the lucid mansions, was lit, and the maiden, unable to kneel, received the sacred unction as she lay. Her eyes were closed; and, as if detached from all earthly things, she continued to murmur, almost inaudibly, passages from the psalms, and pious ejaculations. She raised her finger to trace upon her lips the sign of Christ, and then fell into her agony.

Three times the bell had tolled, when

the last absolution was given, and its solemn voice still sounded at regular intervals, mingling with the sublime words that bade the faint soul go forth from the world in the name of God the Father Almighty, who created it, in the name of Jesus Christ, the son of the living God, who suffered for it, in the name of the Holy Spirit, which had been imparted to it: in the name of angels and archangels, in the name of thrones and dominations, in the name of principalities and powers, in the name of cherubim and seraphim, in the name of patriarchs and prophets, in the name of holy apostles and evangelists, in the name of holy martyrs and confessors, in the name of holy monks and hermits, in the name of holy virgins and all the saints of God, that its rest that day, might be in peace and its habitation in holy Zion!

There was no struggle, no contortion, to mark the moment of dissolution. The face only grew more serene and less death-like, as the soul passed from its frail tenement.

The bells no longer swung slowly and solemnly, but poured forth a festive sound. And well might they peal more merrily then, than at birth, or marriage or earthly conquest. Tears were falling fast around the bed;—yet only the body wept, the soul was exulting.

On the morning of the third day after the Lady Margaret's death, a funeral procession could be seen slowly approaching, within sight of the ruins of Stramen Castle and the blackened church of the Nativity. The peasantry, who were expecting it, had gone forth to meet the remains of their dearly loved lady, and rosy children were scattering flowers before the bier. They could not repress some tears and sighs for their benefactress; yet they knew it was for themselves they grieved, not for her they had lost. How they wondered at first—and how their wonder melted into joyous thanksgivings, to see the lord of Hers, supporting the now humble and contrite baron of Stramen!

The mourners—if such they may be called—entered the graveyard, which was near the church and had not been violated by the sacrilegious marauders, and halted before a new made grave. In those days it was the peculiar privilege of bishops, abbots and holy priests to be buried within the church, or only extended to laics of distinguished sanctity. Yet father Omehr had assured the maiden, that she might be interred in the choir at Tubingen. Margaret had declined a privilege of which she deemed herself unworthy; saying, that she did not wish to be associated in sepulture with those, from whom she was far separated in merit, and expressing a wish to be placed beside her mother. And they laid her with prayers and unbidden tears in the place she had chosen.

The gorgeous sun of ancient Suabia was beaming out in cloudless splendor, and the mountains and the Danube, the forest and the fields looked lovely in the glittering day; yet not one of those who stood around the grave, would have said to the dead, "*awake!*" if the word could have recalled her to share the beauty of the world before them. When the count and countess of Montfort saw that their longer presence would only impose a restraint upon the family group, they bade the missionary a silent adieu and began to retrace their steps to Tubingen.

The cottage of the missionary was spared on account of its insignificance; and father Omehr led the lord of Hers and the father and son into his humble apartments, which had been zealously tended by his pious penitents. All was arranged just as he had left it, to his own bed and the corner where Gilbert had slept. There was nothing here to mark the scourge which had desolated the smiling country without. The baron of Stramen sat down upon a bench, covering his face with his hands. Here, in the sight of his ruined castle, and with the funeral tears of his only daughter undried upon his cheeks, he was happier than he had been for many a year.—Happier than when ca-

rousing in his father's halls—happier than when proudly embracing his darling child—happier than when engaged in avenging his brother—happier than when exulting in the victories of Rodolph!—And Henry too, shared in this blessed change wrought by his sister's prayers. Each heart was too full for speech; words would have fallen meaningless and cold.

At this eloquent moment, a man, exhausted with running and greatly agitated, abruptly entered the cottage. He checked himself, however, and stood as if petrified at the sight of the group before him. Father Omehr, who rightly judged that his rude intrusion must have been caused by no ordinary occurrence, rose, and in a whisper commanded him to explain himself.

"Bertha seems a dying!" said the man.

"Where is she?" asked the priest.

"About a mile from here—I will take you there." The baron of Stramen seemed not to listen, for he sat motionless; but his son manifested much interest.

"Shall I go with you," he said to the missionary.

"No, my child, remain with your father."

Albert de Hers had started up at the peasant's announcement, and followed father Omehr out of the apartment.

"Permit me," he said, "to accompany you; I feel that the call is intended for me too. This ring," he continued, holding up his finger, "was given me in my youth by Rodolph of Suabia; in a moment of folly and sin, I parted with it. After an interval of more than twenty years, it was restored to Rodolph by this Bertha, without a word of explanation. He gave it to me the night before his death"—here the baron paused an instant,—"and informed me how and from whom he had received it. I resolved to seek out the woman on my return, for if she be the Bertha to whom I gave this ring, even in her madness, she may throw light upon an event hitherto involved in mystery."

"You mean the death of Sir Sandrat's brother?"

"Yes!"

"I see no reason to oppose your wish," said the missionary; "perhaps the mercy of God may choose to reveal what we vainly have endeavored to discover."

It was not known how Bertha had escaped from the castle on the fatal night when it was fired and its inmates put to the sword. Her insanity might have shielded her; or she might have availed herself of the confusion and darkness to elude observation, or extricated herself by some secret passage. A peasant, thought he had seen her by moonlight, walking along the moat of the castle, some days after the hostile army had disappeared; but his account was discredited until she appeared by daylight to the surviving vassals of Stramen, when they emerged from the forest in which they had taken refuge. At the time of the return of the soldiers of Stramen, she was much thinner and walked with difficulty; rarely issuing from her retreat in the ravine, to which she had again retired. On the morning of Margaret's funeral she could be seen pale and haggard, tottering towards the grave yard. The simple peasants recoiled before the ghastly figure, which tall and trembling, with a black gown and death-white face, passed among them like a spectre. Before she reached the church she fell senseless to the ground. The humanity of those who observed her, triumphed over their fears and they bore her to a newly finished house hard by.

This was all the missionary could glean from his guide, as they walked swiftly towards the shed pointed out by the peasant.

They found her lying motionless upon a bed in a corner of the room. As they entered, she opened her eyes and after keenly scanning the lord of Hers, raised herself with difficulty upon her arm. Father Omehr started. The wild light of insanity had left her eyes, and her glance, though firm and resolute, was gentle and natural.

"Do you know me, Bertha?" said the missionary, springing trembling to the bedside.

"Oh! yes!" was the reply—"I have been in a long, wild dream!" and she passed her hand over her high, clammy forehead. "And I know *you*, Sir Albert of Hers; and I know that God has brought you here at this moment!"

The stout warrior, who never quailed before any odds, and whose self possession was as remarkable as his valor, quivered before the mournful gaze of that weak woman. The room seemed to reel and he leaned against the wall for support.

"There is one other I must see—Sandrat of Stramen. Father, have him brought here now; there is not one moment to be lost."

The missionary whispered a few words to a youth, who was present, and the stripling passed hurriedly out.

"Have you sent for him!" she inquired.

"Yes!"

"Will he soon be here?"

"He is scarce a mile off."

"It is well;" she continued, lifting up her large black eyes, "God has designed it all! And now," she resumed, after a brief pause, "we must be alone until the baron comes."

At a signal from the missionary, Albert of Hers and the wondering peasants silently withdrew.

The half hour that elapsed before Sir Sandrat's appearance, seemed like an age to the baron of Hers, who in an agony of suspense, paced up and down the clearing before the cottage. At last, however, the two noblemen and Henry of Stramen were admitted.

Bertha was sitting upright in bed, supported by father Omehr, who beckoned to Henry to assist him. There were traces of recent tears upon her furrowed cheeks, and her form seemed to dilate as she gazed at the nobles before her.

"Listen to me, baron of Stramen!" she began, looking full at the noble, in whom surprise was gaining a temporary mastery over grief,—"listen, for it is God's mercy that permits me to speak, and you to hear! Twenty years ago I was young and beautiful. I was loved by your brother and by him who stands at your side."

Albert de Hers turned pale as death, and drawing the ring from his finger, advanced a step, saying hoarsely, "are you the Bertha to whom I gave this ring?"

She took the trinket in her hand, and after examining it over and over, replied—

"I *am* that Bertha. But how did you get this?"

"From the duke Rodolph, to whom you gave it."

The woman knit her brows as if struggling to read some confused impression, and at length said:—

"Yes, I did give it to him: I remember now. Where is he?"

"In heaven, I trust!" replied the lord of Hers.

At the word heaven, the tears started in the eyes of the poor creature, and she hung her head. The silence was profound and painful. She was the first to break it.

"Interrupt me no more," she said, suppressing her emotion. "Hear me through. Robert of Stramen and Albert of Hers, were rivals for my love, and they began to hate each other bitterly on my account. I loved neither; for I had promised to marry Albert of the Thorn, and I loved him as much as my vain heart was able to love anything. But I was weak enough to receive the presents they gave me for the sake of wearing the finery, and my lover was pleased because we were poor. My lord of Stramen, do you remember the day we brought you your brother's corpse?"

The baron shuddered.

"On that very morning—oh how distinctly do I see it—I was sitting in the ravine not far from my mother's house, when a wild boar pursued by hounds rushed madly by me. As I stood trembling, a horseman followed, dashing along

at full speed. He reined up when he saw me. It was the lord of Hers. He began to smile, and asked me to forgive him the fright he had given me, and untying a scarf, which he wore around his waist, threw it over my shoulders. Then he put this ring on my finger and gallopped off, crying he must not miss the stand. This much you know, Albert of Hers, but you do not know what followed. Was it not as I have said?"—

The noble nodded.

"O God, strengthen me to reveal all!" continued the now agitated woman. "I began to walk down the ravine, when I met Albert of the Thorn. I showed him my presents, and we sat down at the foot of a pile of steep rocks beside a little spring. Albert was arranging the scarf about my neck, when Sir Robert of Stramen suddenly stood before us. His face was pale with rage and his lips were all foaming. I screamed at his awful appearance. I knew well that he hated my betrothed and had threatened his life if he married me. He snatched the scarf from my neck and shaking it at me, said, "I know very well from whom this came!" Then turning upon Albert he cried—"And for you, who pretend to love her, to connive at his guilt! You shall pay for your baseness with your life." He stopped here as if rage had choked him, and drew his sword. Albert sprang quickly up the ledge of rocks and Sir Robert followed. I saw Albert stoop—pick up a large fragment of a rock—and hurl it:—I saw Sir Robert fall, and then I grew sick and dizzy and fainted. When I recovered Albert was watching me, trembling and livid. I looked around and there was Sir Robert stretched out stiff and still and bloody. He had worn nothing but a light cap on his head, and the stone had made a fearful dent in his temple. I knelt beside him and prayed and chafed his hands and brought water from the spring and poured it upon his face. I hoped he would come to life, even if he would only revive to kill me. It was all in vain. He grew cold: he was dead. Again I looked at Albert:—he was shaking like a leaf. 'Bertha!' he said, 'I am a lost man. When Sir Sandrat knows this, I cease to live.' I saw his danger, which did not until then occur to me, and I lost my concern for the dead in my fears for him. I loved him better than any thing in the world, and the devil, who knew my heart, suggested a scheme for his preservation. The scarf of the lord of Hers, which bore some family device, was grasped by the dead man's hand, and I saw at once how strongly that circumstance implied the noble's guilt. I concealed the ring he had given me in my pocket. 'Come!' I said to Albert—'let us take the body to Sir Sandrat, and tell him that we found it in a spot from which we had just seen the lord of Hers depart.' He refused at first and would not touch the body; but by argument and entreaty I prevailed upon him to be guided by me.

"Sandrat of Stramen, you know the rest. You know that we swore to have seen the lord of Hers ride away from the fatal spot just before we found the body. It was the fact: my father was guiltless, but my lover and I were perjured in the sight of God. I do not wish to lighten my crime before men, when it is written out so plainly against me before angels. I was a perjured woman: perjured through love and fear. I heard you swear vengeance: I wept but I was silent. I saw your fury and your wars: my heart bled, but I was silent. There was no rest, no sleep, no peace for me. It was not my husband's death that drove me mad. Oh no! It was remorse. There were spectres all around me—I trembled before the innocent, fled before the guilty. The caresses of my child that died at my breast tortured me: I felt as though my breath had withered and polluted it. Every hour was full of misery—day and night there was a gnawing at my heart. At last my mind gave way, and the justice of heaven struck him with death and me with madness!"

"Bertha paused an instant, quite exhausted, then again exerting herself she said:—

"I do not ask you to forgive me—but forgive each other."

"They have forgiven each other already," said Father Omehr, "They are friends."

"Friends!"

"The lady Margaret reconciled them on her death bed."

"The lady Margaret dead!"

"She was buried this morning."

"Yes!" said Bertha, "it was to her funeral I was going. Yes she is dead—the beautiful—the young—the innocent:—she has been praying for me in heaven."

At these words a smile beamed over her sharp features and she sunk gradually back in bed, lowered by Henry and the missionary.

The proud lord of Hers was, in spirit, in sackcloth and ashes. He attributed the existence of the feud to his indiscretion and guilt, and reproached himself with all its pernicious consequences. He saw in the wreck before him the fruits of his sin: Bertha's misery and madness seemed wholly his own unhallowed work. The strong man shuddered at the consequences of his folly and beat his breast and wept like a child.

Sandrat of Stramen also accused himself of having caused the feud by his rash credulity and driven Bertha to perjury and insanity by his impetuous and uncontrollable temper. For, he reasoned, had she reposed any confidence in his justice and charity, she would have told the truth.

Henry of Stramen saw that all his brilliant achievements against the family of Hers were only unjustifiable murders and robberies; and his haughty spirit was humble and contrite.

Father Omehr saw their contrition, but he was entirely absorbed in the penitent Bertha.

Bertha lived three days after the revelation, constantly engaged in prayer and acts of contrition. Her profound sorrow affected and edified the missionary and all the neighborhood. On the third day she received the viaticum and expired in the arms of the baron of Stramen, who together with the lord of Hers had repeatedly assured her of their complete forgiveness. Her last words were, "I know she is praying for me in heaven."

She was buried, as she desired, near the lady Margaret, with nothing but a rude wooden cross to mark her grave.

On the day after her burial, Father Omehr and the three nobles set out for the castle of Hers. Humbert had already fitted up for his lord, some rooms which had been only partially consumed; and Albert of Hers had prevailed upon the baron and his son to remain with him until they could find suitable lodgings at home. The reconciliation between the nobles was complete; and at sunrise the next day, they could be seen kneeling together before the altar of the Pilgrim's chapel, eating the bread of life. If the angels rejoice at such a sight, how much greater must be the joy of the saints!

But where was Gilbert, that he could not share in the blessed feast?

The middle ages abound in characters better entitled to our consideration and esteem than the classic magnates of Greece and Rome. There is not in pagan antiquity such a combination of virtue, constancy, fortitude and valor, as was presented in Matilda of Tuscany, "the heroine of the middle ages." She devoted herself to the cause of the holy see as early as 1064, and her life was a series of sacrifices cheerfully made for the security of the church. Whilst wondering at her heroism, you love her for her charity and revere her for her piety. Let Catholics read her life and they will embalm her in their hearts. Her unvarnished actions are a nobler eulogy than even the unfading wreath flung by a master's hand on the grave of the martyred Marie Antoinette.

At the time of the battle of the Elster, this pious defender of the faith was sorely pressed by the Lombards, who sided with

the emperor. The imperial troops had gained a victory at Mantua, which revived the drooping royal cause.

When Gilbert de Hers parted from his father and friends, he turned his horse's head to Matilda's camp. The partisans of the heroic princess took little notice of the nameless knight who came among them without follower or page, and whose shield was simply blazoned with an azure cross. He was silent and reserved, shrinking from observation and mirth, and either engaged in meditation or prayer.

The gloomy aspect of the future, was also capable of furnishing the youth with sufficient food for reflection. The death of Rodolph spread consternation over Saxony and Suabia: both circles were crippled by internal dissensions, and unable to profit by their victory. Inspired by this and by his rival's death, and encouraged by the attitude and successes of the Lombards, Henry meditated an invasion of Italy and the conquest of Rome itself. He reorganized a powerful army and penetrated Lombardy, leaving Frederick of Hohenstaufen to hold Suabia in check, whilst Saxony was convulsed by the rival schemes of Otto and Herman.

Never before had the holy see seemed in such imminent danger. England and France looked coldly on, and the emperor of the east sympathized with his brother of Austria.

Gregory alone, awaited the storm, calm and fearless, relying upon the sacredness and justice of his cause, neither dismayed nor discouraged by the fickle course of human events. He deplored the spirit which arrayed itself against truth; but he found in the recollection of the trials of the apostles and their successors, abundant consolation for himself and his friends. Florence, Padua, Cremona, Milan had fallen before the Austrian invader; Lucca swelled the triumphs of the tyrant: fortress after fortress was wrested from Matilda; Henry sat down before the gates of Rome at last, in the plains of Nero and opposite the fortress of Saint Peter;—yet the sublime pontiff displayed no symptom of uneasiness though half of Europe was against him.

Gilbert's first impulse was to fly to Rome; but the approaches to the city were all in possession of the enemy: the noble Matilda could ill spare a good lance, and the Romans then displayed so much resolution and gallantry, that the German army was repulsed in every assault. To the young knight's heart, wounded by the siege of Rome and misfortunes of Matilda, the tidings of the reconciliation at home were like a sweet balsam. And though the blessed intelligence was blended with the account of the lady Margaret's death, it was not the less welcome. Gilbert had long since ceased to regard the lady Margaret with human love: he revered her as one sacred to heaven, upon whom death had already set the seal of eternity; and far from weeping over her early grave, he exulted at her triumphant flight to the judgment seat of God.

Two long years crept by, and the imperialists were still before Rome. Gilbert looked anxiously for succor to Suabia and Saxony; but the sudden death of Otto of Nordheim, laid his hopes in the dust, and Henry, for the third time, invested the eternal city. Hitherto, the Romans, encouraged by the pope, had made a heroic resistance, and the besiegers had suffered incredibly from their desperate sallies, as well as from the diseases that decimated them. But the fidelity of the citizens was beginning to totter beneath the protracted warfare, and many sighed for a period to their calamities. Henry failed not to profit by these dispositions and poured in thirty thousand golden florins to inflame them.

The horizon grew darker and darker—the pope more winning, more eloquent, more determined. Matilda did not fail him in this crisis. The knight of the azure cross had already won the confidence of the princess by his valor, his prudence and his piety, and she now selected him as the instrument of her generosity. She pointed to a large amount of silver, saying,

that she entrusted him with the dangerous and difficult duty of conveying it to Gregory. Gilbert gladly accepted the perilous commission. He loaded a number of mules with the treasure concealed beneath vegetables, and disguising himself as a peasant, took a guide and set out for Rome. During a dark and stormy night he contrived to pierce the hostile lines and enter the city by the Lateran gate.

Gilbert found the pope seated in the midst of an assembly; he could at last feast his eyes upon the wonderful and sainted man whom he had all his life loved and venerated. When the pontiff rose and spoke of the virtue and fortitude that ought to sustain them in this crisis, he seemed endowed with supernatural power, and moved all present to tears. It seemed as though his soul foreknew it was the last time his voice should be raised in defence of his grand and holy cause.

Another year passed by; the festival of Easter was approaching: Henry was meditating a return to Germany, when a deputation of the citizens arrived in his camp offering to surrender the capital. The Lateran gate was opened and the imperial army began to enter the city. The Roman soldiers, finding themselves betrayed, flew to arms, and Gilbert de Hers was once more contending with the warriors he had met at Fladenheim and the Elster. Godfrey de Bouillon fell wounded before the desperate resolution of the besieged, and, as he was brought to his knee, vowed a pilgrimage to the holy land. But outnumbered and confused, the defenders were driven into the citadel, and Henry, with his queen at his side, entered in triumph. The next day Guibert of Ravenna was installed in the Lateran palace in the see of Saint Peter, and consecrated on the 24th of March, by the bishops of Modena and Arezzo. His first act was to crown king Henry in the Vatican. Gregory retired to the chateau of St. Angelo and the giddy populace greeted the antipope with shouts of joy. A severe chastisement awaited their perfidy and inconstancy. Robert Guiscard was advancing with thirty thousand infantry and six thousand cavalry, and Henry fled before the redoubtable prince, whom he had provoked by an alliance with Alexis, the emperor of the east. Abandoned by Henry, who had returned to Austria, the treacherous Romans barred their gates. Robert asked admission, but in vain; and his irritated soldiers forced their way at midnight through the Flaminian gate. The city was crimsoned with flame and sword. A body of Saracens formed part of the Norman's army, and their fury knew no bounds. So general was the mutilation, that instant death was accounted a blessing. From three points of the city, the flames were streaming. Scarce could the papal guards preserve a portion of the churches from pillage and destruction. St. Sylvester's and St. Lawrence were wrapped in fire, and the basilicas, from the Quarter of Lateran to the Coliseum, were involved in the red ruin. For three days the conqueror raged like a lion in the capital of the Christian world. The frenzied people again attempted resistance, and again the streets ran with their blood. When gorged with slaughter and booty, the ferocious conquerors had evacuated the city, Gregory and his attendants re-entered Rome and occupied the Lateran palace. He lingered in the venal city, only long enough to convoke a council and renew his anathemas against Henry and Guibert, and then retired to Monte Cassino.

Gilbert was not permitted to accompany the pontiff to his retreat, but was despatched to Matilda with an account of all that had occurred. He found the magnanimous princess threatened by an army more than treble her own. But she was undismayed and full of hope, meditating a bold enterprise that was crowned with success. In the dead of night, when the imperialists, secure in their numerical superiority, were plunged in sleep, she led the relic of her troops into the hostile camp. The sleepers awoke to the cry of

"St. Peter! St. Peter!" and perished ere they could grasp their arms. The chivalry and nobility of Lombardy were well nigh exterminated: in a few hours, corpses and tents alone remained of the hostile array. Why should not Sorbara be as magical a word as Thermopylæ? It *would* be, if the Christian chroniclers had shared the pride or showed the polish of Grecian historians, and if modern Christians felt a Grecian enthusiasm for the deeds of their Christian ancestors. Matilda differed from Leonidas but in one respect,—in surviving the action and remaining victor on the field.

Some days after the battle, Gilbert was summoned into Matilda's presence.

"I owe you more," she said, "than I can ever repay. Your former voluntary services and fidelity are enhanced by your brilliant exploits in this last victory. Be pleased to style yourself governor of Modena."

Gilbert advanced a step and sinking upon one knee replied:—

"Madam, I came to share in your generous devotion to our common father, and to assist you as best I could. You are now—thanks to your own valor—victorious and secure. I must decline your bounty, for, from this moment, I renounce the soldier. Here is my sword, madam; since Rome and you no longer require it, I shall not need it; nowhere would I more willingly resign it than thus at your feet!"

As the morning dawned, Gilbert de Hers, accompanied by a troop of horse, set out for Monte Cassino.

Gregory had retired to Salerno, where he passed his days in the contemplation of heavenly things, and in reading the lives of the saints and ecclesiastical history. Gilbert soon heard of his increasing weakness: the sun that had poured its light over the world, despite the mists and clouds of error and vice, was setting at last. How his dying words bespeak the saint:—"My best loved friends, I count my labors nothing: that which gives me confidence, is the consciousness of having loved justice and hated iniquity!" When his assistants, groaning in anguish, adverted to their desolate condition after his death, he raised his arms to heaven, exclaiming, "I will ascend there, and plead your cause before a God supremely good!"

On the 25th of May, 1085, were uttered those memorable words that smote the forehead of guilty Europe, as if with a burning brand—"I have loved justice and hated iniquity—therefore I die in exile."

Years passed by. Peace smiled once more in the lordships of Hers and Stramen. A new dwelling had risen from the ashes of Stramen castle. The church of the Nativity was repaired, and again hung in beauty over the faithful who flocked there to worship. Yet there was a stranger priest at the altar, and often after mass, the people would gather around a marble slab just before the altar, on which was written,—

"*Credo quod Redemptor meus vivit.*"

This was the tomb of Father Omehr: his epitaph was written and treasured in the hearts of all who knew him, and, transmitted from sire to son, required no foreign chisel to deepen the impression upon the living tablet.

The lords of Stramen and Hers were often together, and were beloved by their vassals for their uniform courtesy and charity. Their hairs were whitening; and when Sir Sandrat walked to the churchyard he leaned upon Henry's arm.

Years passed by. Henry IV, worn down by misfortune and by the rebellion of his eldest son, for his own offspring held up the poisoned chalice to his lips, had followed his sainted antagonist to the eternal tribunal, and his body had been cast out as excommunicated, from its sepulchre;—the male line of the Franconian emperors had expired in Henry V; Lothaire of Saxony, a zealous champion of Rome, had been elevated to the throne. Time was revealing, that Gregory VII

was triumphant even in death; for the right of investiture was conceded to the pope, and the celibacy of the clergy strictly enforced.

The lords of Stramen and Hers were sleeping with their fathers. The hill on which the Pilgrim's chapel still stood, was no longer crowned with a castle, but with a monastery, occupied by Benedictine monks. The whole lordship of Hers was blooming under their munificent administration. Humbert, whose long locks had now seen eighty winters, still lived at the foot of the hill, surrounded by a goodly number of stalwart sons and fair haired daughters. And sometimes in the long winter evenings, when the fire sparkled bright and the old man was garrulous with joy, he would tell how he once entered a hostile castle as a minnesinger with a noble lover, and how the knight defied the angry father. Yet he never revealed that this knight was the generous abbot who now supplied them with the means of innocent mirth, who administered to all their wants, and whose life was so meek and blameless. For Gilbert de Hers was abbot in the cells that had once been the halls of his sires.

And one word, reader—it was not after the lady Margaret's death, that he embraced the resolution of dedicating himself to God, but on the battle field of Elster, and over the corpse of Rodolph of Suabia. He had proved his sincerity in the wars of Matilda; and when he quitted the princess for Monte Cassino, it was to assume the habit of the novice.

One bright afternoon, in the fall of 1126, two aged men were walking arm in arm towards the church of the Nativity. One was attired as a Benedictine, the other as a knight. They stopped at the church and before a cluster of tombs. On one of the slabs was carved a Greek cross with a single tear *under* it, and beneath the tear, the words—

"O crux sancta adjuva nos."

It was the resting place of the lady Margaret, between the graves of her father and mother. The monk and the knight knelt down and prayed. As they rose, the bells of the church announced the close of day, and ushered in the TRUCE OF GOD.

With their bosoms heaving with recollections of the past, Gilbert of Hers and Henry of Stramen went into the church where fifty years before they had met in youth and enmity; and they knelt together beside the grave of Father Omehr, with their hearts full of tenderness and hope and love, whilst the sun of ancient Suabia was setting, and the bells poured forth their silvery peal.

INTELLIGENCE.

DOMESTIC.

Archdiocess of Baltimore.—*Confirmation.*—On Sunday, 24th Oct., the Most Rev. Archbishop confirmed twenty-eight persons of the congregation in Mt. St. Mary's church, near Emmitsburg. On the next day he confirmed eight persons at St. Joseph's sisterhood, and forty at St. Joseph's church in the village.

Ordination.—Oct. 24th, at Mt. St. Mary's, the Most Rev. Archbishop conferred the holy tonsure upon Mr. B. McLaughlin, and the minor orders upon Messrs. J. B. Byrn, Edmund Young, and M. O'Keefe.

Reception.—On the 13th Nov. Miss Smith of Baltimore, (Sister Alberta) and Miss Lawrence of Frederick county, (Sister Rose) received the religious habit, in the Carmelite Convent, Baltimore, at the hands of the Most Rev. Archbishop.

Profession.—On the 24th Nov. Sister Seraphina (Miss Pendergast, of Balt.) was admitted to the usual vows of religion, in the same institution.

Diocess of Philadelphia.—*Confirmation.*—The bishop of Philadelphia administered confirmation to one hundred persons in the church of St. Philip Neri, Southwark, on Sunday, 31st Oct.—*Catholic Herald.*

Confirmation was administered on Sunday Nov. 14, in the church of St. Mary, Phœnixville, to fifty-seven persons. This church has a resident pastor, Rev. P. O'Farrell, who officiates here on three Sundays of the month, and visits the congregation of St. Paul at Douglasville on the fourth Sunday of each month. The congregation of St. Mary which is numerous consists chiefly of those employed in the iron works. The village contains about three thousand inhabitants.—*Ibid.*

Ordination.—On Thursday, 11th November, the bishop of Philadelphia conferred tonsure and minor orders in his domestic chapel, on Edmond Q. S. Waldron.

Sunday, Nov. 14, the bishop of Halifax at the request of the bishop of Philadelphia, conferred the sacred order of subdeaconship on Edmond Q. S. Waldron, in the same chapel.—*Ibid.*

Diocess of Albany.—*Confirmation.*—We learn from the *Freeman's Journal*, that Bishop McCloskey confirmed two hundred and forty-five children and several adults, in St. Joseph's church, Albany, on Sunday, 7th November.

Diocess of Charleston.—*Confirmation.*—On the 25th October, Bishop Reynolds confirmed a number of persons at Wilmington, N. C. of whom several were converts.—*U. S. C. Miscellany.*

Diocess of Vincennes.—The consecration of the Rt. Rev. John Bazin as bishop of Vincennes, Indiana, took place in that city on the 24th October.

Oregon Territory.—*Progress of Religion.* From recent accounts published in the *St. Louis News Letter*, we gather the following interesting details relative to the progress of Catholicity in Oregon. One of the missionaries, writing to his superior at St. Louis, says:

"The blessings of heaven have rewarded the labors of your children. Already more than five thousand sheep have been added to the fold of Christ. Many more will be added to it in a short time, if the charity and zeal of our superiors will supply us with laborers. It is true that at a distance from us, some persons, fond of criticising, may suppose that there is some exaggeration in our statements; but I assure your reverence, that when seen near and without prejudice, the reality far surpasses any account that is given of them. In a single excursion into New Caledonia, Fr. *Nobili* has baptized about 600 Indians, built four churches, and planted several crosses. The applications and urgent petitions of those poor Indians to obtain priests to reside among them, are calculated to excite the pity of those who feel inclined to afford them spiritual aid, but who are now unable to do so for want of subjects and means. Their natural dispositions are very favorable, and had we but three zealous missionaries in those northern regions, the knowledge of the name and religion of Jesus Christ might be spread to the frozen borders of Behring's Straits. I shall say nothing of our more ancient missions,—of the Flat-heads, the Pointed Hearts, the Kalispels, where we have regular residences and stations; nor of several

other tribes that are regularly visited by our fathers. Almost all the members of those tribes have been baptized, and great is the number of catechumens who are now under a course of instruction to prepare them for the happiness of receiving baptism. Piety would seem to be a natural endowment of these Indians, but it is not really so; for it is the grace of God that has effected all,—that has entirely changed their hearts. Formerly several of these tribes were plunged into a deep abyss of debauchery and crime. I speak conscientiously, my dear father, I exaggerate nothing. I express the unanimous opinion of all strangers, even of Protestants, whom the evidence of facts compels to bear witness to the truth. O my dear father, how great is the harvest, already ripening in the field of Christ in these extensive regions. According to the statements of the gentlemen of the Hudson's Bay company, there are nearly 50,000 unconverted Indians between the north and north-west of the Rocky Mountains. All those Indians long after the arrival of a priest, almost as anxiously as the Jews of old longed after that of the Messiah."

Another writes: "Do, dear father, send us two or three good missionaries, filled with the spirit of our holy institute, well versed in controversy and in the English language, and regardless of the difficulties, dangers and contradictions which now and then they will have to encounter—regardless also of fever and rheumatism; and above all indifferent to sunshine or rain—for in Lower Oregon we may say, that it rains but once a year,—from the end of October till the beginning of May.

I have reason to believe, very reverend and dear father, that a brief sketch of the present state of the rising church in Oregon, will prove acceptable to your reverence. There are now the following establishments:

1. The cathedral of St. Paul at Willamette.
2. The church of St. John the Evangelist in Oregon city.
3. St. Francis Xavier, at Cowlitz.
4. Chapel of St. James at Fort Vancouver.
5. The new church of the Willamette prairie.
6. The Catholic school of St. Joseph, at Willamette, (Oregon city.)
7. The chapel, convent, and female academy of St. Mary's, Willamette.
8. The residence of St. Francis Xavier, Willamette.
9. The residence and church of St. Mary's, among the Flat-heads.
10. The mission and church of the Sacred Heart, among the Pointed-hearts.
11. The mission and church of St. Ignatius, among the Kalispels of the lake.
12. The station and chapel among the *Chaudieres*.
13. The station and church of St. Francis Regis, among the half-breeds, between the Kalispels and *Chaudieres*.
14. A church built by the Indians at Stuart's lake, New Caledonia.
15. A church built by them at Fort Alexandria, New Caledonia.
16. A church built by them at the Rapids, New Caledonia.
17. A church built by them at Appatoka, New Caledonia.
18. The station of St. Peter's, upper lake of the Columbia.
19. The station of St. Francis Borgia, among the upper *Pends d'oreilles*.
20. The station of the Assumption, among the *Arcs a Plattes*.
21. The station of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, among the *Koutenais*.
22. The station of St. Joseph's, among the Okinaghans.*

This is the result of what Almighty God has already done, (and still does,) in this distant corner of the world, since the year 1838, when the first missionaries, the present bishop and Rev. Mr. De Mers, first arrived in Oregon."

Works of Dr. England.

Some months ago, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Reynolds, bishop of Charleston, announced, through the public prints and by private letters, that he was making the necessary arrangements to publish the works of his distinguished and lamented predecessor. His object, as stated in the circular addressed to all the clergy in the United States, was mainly to preserve for this and future ages the literary labors of a prelate, who was a burning and shining light in the church, and whose writings have so vastly contributed to the honor of religion, the vindication of truth, and the elucidation of a great variety of subjects. When this announcement was made, we thought that it would be hailed with joy by the Catholic community, and that the requisite number of subscribers, to justify so important and desirable

* All the institutions of education abovementioned, with thirteen of the churches and one station, are in the limits of the U. States territory.—Ed.

an undertaking, would be immediately obtained. We have learned, however, with mingled feelings of grief and astonishment, that the noble design of Bishop Reynolds is likely to fail for want of sufficient encouragement on the part of the clergy and laity. Out of upwards of eight hundred clergymen, to whom he addressed a circular on this subject, (which involved him in a considerable expense,) only fourteen bishops, and seventy-five clergymen have answered his appeal: the rest have not noticed it; while the whole number of subscribers procured up to the present time, does not exceed four hundred, only one-third of the number required to insure the publication. Is this as it should be? Is this the spirit which should be exhibited in so important a matter? Is this the regard, which we are disposed to manifest for the memory of the illustrious Dr. England? Is this the zeal which should actuate us, towards rendering available the excellent productions of so eminent a divine, so bright an ornament of the pulpit, and securing in a useful form to the Catholic literature of America so invaluable a legacy from his pen? We cannot pretend to indicate or discuss the causes of the indifference that has been shown in reference to this undertaking; but we do not hesitate to say that, considering the great and unquestioned merit of Dr. England's works, the immense benefit that will accrue to religion from their publication, the high source from which the scheme has emanated, and its easy practicability, the apathy, which the efforts of the bishop of Charleston have met with, is most discreditable, and calls for the serious consideration of the clergy and laity throughout the country. We say, its *easy practicability*, because to commence the publication and insure its entire success, it would be sufficient for five hundred clergymen to subscribe, and to obtain, *each*, one subscription to the work. Cannot this be done? Could not a little more than half of the priests in the United States subscribe and procure, each, two or more subscribers? How many among them, with the slightest effort, could obtain five times this number? We sincerely hope, that they will be induced to bestow upon the subject the practical attention which it deserves, and thus contribute to the achievement of a great and permanent good. Dr. Reynolds, in consequence of the almost general disregard of his project, has been chagrined almost to the point of abandoning it, as a hopeless undertaking: but we are happy to learn that encouraged by some of his friends and the friends of sacred literature, he has resolved to continue his efforts; with the expectation, that the Catholic clergy and laity will yet lend their aid to the furtherance of the object, by subscribing and obtaining subscriptions, and doing so without delay.

For the benefit of those who may desire information, we will here state, that the whole work, consisting of five large octavo volumes, will, according to the Prospectus of Dr. Reynolds, cost eight dollars, one half at least of which he earnestly requests to be paid in advance, to the bishop, vicar general, or some authorised agent in each diocess. The work, if commenced, he assures us, *will be completed.* We learned from the bishop of Charleston a few weeks since, that subscribers not willing to pay in advance can have the whole work for $2 per volume, payable on the delivery of each volume.

Subscribers in the archdiocess of Baltimore are requested to send in their names to the following authorised agents:

Very Rev. Dr. Deluol, St. Mary's Sem'y, Balt.
Rev. Charles I. White, Baltimore.
Mr. P. Kelly, St. Mary's College, Balt.
Mr. John Murphy, 178 Market st., Balt.

Diocess of Cincinnati.—*Taking the Veil.*—Two young ladies, as we learn from the *Catholic Telegraph*, recently received the white veil, in the convent of Notre Dame, at Cincinnati.

FOREIGN.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

Italy.—The report of the evacuation of Ferrara by the Austrians appears to be unfounded in fact. Instead of doing this, they are said to have doubled the posts and outraged the inhabitants of the place. The pope, it seems, demands with firmness the evacuation, not only of the citadel, but of the town.

Pius IX, in a recent allocution, expressed his determination to provide for the residence, in his see, of the Latin Patriarch of Jerusalem.

The reforms in civil affairs are prosecuted with wisdom and energy. The pope has published the constitution of the *consulta*, or parliament, which he established for the purpose of aiding him in the government of his states. Although strictly it is only a consultative body, virtually it will be a legislative assembly.

The pope has nobly requested that the funds

collected by the people, with a view to erect monuments in his honor throughout his dominions, be appropriated to the founding of an asylum in Rome for aged persons. Where is the monarch or ruler elsewhere, who would display similar disinterestedness?

The population of the different states of the Italian peninsula is stated at the following amount:—

Kingdom of the Two Sicilies,.....	8,000,000
Dominions of the House of Savoy, (including Sardinia,).....	5,000,000
Papal States,.....	2,700,000
Tuscany and Lucca,.....	1,700,000
Parma,.....	500,000
Modena,.....	400,000
Lombardo-Venetian Kingdom, [Austrian,].....	5,700,000
Total, ...	23,000,000

Of this population, which is nearly equal that of the United Kingdom, 18,000,000 are governed by Italian princes, and of these 10,000,000 may be classed under the governments now actively engaged in promoting liberal reforms, and in combining for the common safety of their dominions.

England.—Conversions to Catholicity are still daily witnessed. The latest accounts inform us that Mr. Chirol, curate of Mr. Bennett, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, with Mrs. Chirol and Mrs. Chirol, sen'r, was received into the church, at St. Mary's, Chelsea, by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Wiseman.

The *Tablet* also assures us that the Vicars Apostolic in England are to be changed into bishops with ordinary jurisdiction, and that several new sees are to be erected.

Ireland.—*Synod of the Bishops.*—The Irish bishops met one month earlier than usual, to consider the most effectual means of alleviating the distress throughout the country.

"On Thursday," says the *Chronicle*, "the bishops re-assembled in conference, and were engaged for nine hours in considering the state of destitution in various parts of the country. A memorial to the lord-lieutenant, prepared by a committee of the prelates, was unanimously adopted, entreating the attention of the government to the extreme distress already existing in several districts, with a view to the adoption of all practicable measures of alleviation. A communication on the subject has been made to his excellency, and it is likely that a deputation from the prelates will have an interview with him to-morrow, to present the memorial. The bishops have now concluded the business for which they had been specially summoned; but they inted to avail themselves of the present opportunity to dispose of the matters that usually occupy their attention at their annual meeting in November, and they will accordingly re-assemble at 11 o'clock, to-morrow. There is no truth whatever in the statement published, to the effect that a communication is to be submitted of the bishops at this conference, touching the appointment of a legate at London, to communicate between the Holy See and the bishops in England and Ireland."

The bishops intend to address themselves immediately to the throne, in the event of their not otherwise obtaining the desired measures of relief.

The godless colleges have been pronounced by the Holy See "detrimental to religion," and the Irish prelates are admonished not to co-operate in such institutions.

Switzerland.—This country is on the eve of civil war. The cantons of Lucerne, Uri, Schwytz, Unterwalden, Zug, Friburg, and Valais, have formed a league, or *Sonderbund*, to resist the decree of the General Diet against the Jesuits. They bring into the field about 19,660 men, and 111 guns; while their opponents can muster upwards of 83,000 men, and 500 guns.

OBITUARY.

Died, on the 7th of October, at Baton Rouge, La., Sister Reine, of the society of the Sisters of Charity at St. Joseph's, Emmitsburg. She was upwards of forty years old, and had been a member of the sisterhood six years.—*Prop. Catholique.*

At Galveston, on the 11th of October, Rev. Bartholomew Rolando, of the congregation of missions.—Mr. Rolando was about forty-three years old, and was conspicuous for fervent piety, ingenuous zeal and untiring activity.—*Ib.*

At St. Joseph's Sisterhood, Emmitsburg, on the 11th Nov., Sister Louise (Rogers), aged 80 years. Sister Louise entered the community in 1811, and during the last twenty-four years had been deprived of her sight. She adorned her profession by the spirit of charity which she uniformly displayed, having never been heard to speak of her neighbor's faults.

UNITED STATES
CATHOLIC MAGAZINE ADVERTISER.

Published] BALTIMORE, DECEMBER, 1847. [Monthly.

☞Advertisements of Books, Catholic Institutions, and such other matters as might be deemed interesting to Catholics, are respectfully solicited.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

Cards, not exceeding ten lines, per year,.....$ 5 00
Advertisements, not exceeding a quarter of a page, per year,..... 10 00
Not exceeding half a page, per year,..... 15 00
Whole page, per year,..... 20 00

Cards, not exceeding ten lines, per month,.....$ 1 00
Every subsequent insertion,..... 50
Larger ones in proportion.
All advertisements should be left at the office by the 20th of the month, to insure an insertion.

SOCIETY FOR THE PAYMENT OF THE DEBT OF THE CATHEDRAL.

The Sinking Fund Society received for November the following contributions.

JAS. W. BARROLL,		$2 00
ANDREW BRADY,		50
DR. P. CHATARD,		25 00
REV. H. B. COSKERY—		
Cash,	50	
Ellen McEwen,	50	
Miss M. Dell,	50	
H. Hanley,	75	
Martha Sullivan,	1 00	— 3 25
JAMES DOROTHY,		50
BASIL S. ELDER,	50	
F. W. Elder,	25	
B. T. Elder,	50	
J. E. Elder,	50	
C. D. Elder,	25	— 2 00
M. C. JENKINS,	2 00	
Cash,	2 00	
Miss H. Spalding,	1 00	
H. Bogue,	50	— 5 50
THOS. C. JENKINS,		2 00
A. & A. JENKINS,	2 00	
Richard Thompson,	2 00	
A. W. Jenkins,	50	— 4 50
T. R. JENKINS,		2 00
MARK W. JENKINS,	62	
Mrs. Brooke,	13	
Mrs. Felix Jenkins,	25	
Miss R. Hillen,	25	
Mrs. E. A. Jenkins,	25	
Mrs. J. H. Jenkins,	25	
Mrs. Ellen George,	25	— 2 00
JAMES W. JENKINS,		2 00
EDWARD JENKINS,		2 00
WM. KENNEDY,		2 00
MRS. WM. KENNEDY,	1 25	
Mrs. E. Welsh,	25	
Mrs. E. Hunter,	25	
Mrs. W. G. Howard,	25	— 2 00
P. McKANNA,		6 00
JONATHAN MULLEN,		50
MRS. WM. MURRAY,	1 00	
H. Newcomb,	25	
E. & C. Clarke,	25	
P. Clarke,	13	
Mrs. Kummer,	12	
M. A. Duquest,	12	
H. M. A. White,	25	— 2 12
C. OLIVER O'DONNELL,		5 00
T. PARKIN SCOTT,		2 00
B. R. SPALDING,	2 00	
M. L. Ford,	1 00	
E. M. Jenkins,	1 00	
Joseph Victory,	3 00	— 7 00
P. TIERNAN,		4 00
BERNARD TRAINER,		4 25
MR. & MRS. WILLIAMSON,		2 00
		$90 12

ST. JOSEPH'S SCHOOL
FOR YOUNG LADIES,
E st, between 6th & 7th, Washington, D. C.

The system of Instruction comprises Orthography, Reading, Grammar, History, Mythology, Geography with the use of the Globes, Elements of Geometry and Astronomy, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Botany, Rhetoric, Composition, Delineation of Maps, Plain and Ornamental Writing, Practical and Rational Arithmetic, Tapestry, Cotton Embroidery, Plain and Ornamental Needle Work.

The discipline of the school is mild, but firm and regular; strict attention to its rules is required. Should a pupil be withdrawn before the expiration of the quarter, no deduction will be made for the remaining time, or for a partial absence from the school.

The emulation of the pupils will be excited by every gentle means, and their success rewarded by an annual distribution of premiums previous to the vacation.

TERMS, PER QUARTER.

First Class,	$8 00	Fourth Class,	$6 00
Second "	6 00	Fifth "	3 50
Third "	6 00		

EXTRA CHARGES, PER QUARTER.

French,	5 00
Music,	10 00
Use of Piano,	1 00
Drawing and Painting in water colors,	5 00
Chenille and Silk Embroidery,	5 00

☞ *Quarter payable in advance.—No charge for Vacation.* 1f. Feb.

ST. PETER'S FEMALE ACADEMY,
WILMINGTON, DELAWARE.

CONDUCTED by SISTERS of CHARITY.

This Institution is in a beautiful and healthy situation, at the *corner of West and Sixth streets.* The Building is sufficiently capacious to accommodate about forty Boarders. Every attention is given to the neatness, politeness, health, and comfort of the Pupils.

The Course of Instruction embraces Orthography, Reading, Writing, Grammar, Composition, Ancient and Modern History, Geography, Practical and Rational Arithmetic, Book-Keeping, Botany, Mythology, Natural Philosophy, Music on the Piano, French, Drawing and Painting, Plain and Ornamental Needle Work.

Terms and Regulations.

The annual Pension for Board and Tuition is $100
Music, per quarter, - - - - - - - - 10
French " " - - - - - - - - - 5
Drawing and Painting, per quarter, - - - 5

Books, Stationery, and, in case of sickness, Medicines and Doctor's Fees, will form extra charges.

Payments will be made semi-annually in advance.

No Boarder will be received for a shorter time than a quarter. No deduction will be made for absence unless occasioned by sickness.

The Scholastic year will commence on the 16th of August, and terminate in the first week of July.

REFERENCES.

M. Rev. Sam'l Eccleston, *Archb. of Baltimore,*
Rt. Rev. Dr. Kenrick, *Philadelphia.*
Rt. Rev. Dr. Hughes, *New York.*

May. 6 mo.

LADIES'
ACADEMY OF THE VISITATION,
GEORGETOWN, D. C.

This Academy was founded in the year 1799. It is located on the heights of Georgetown, in the District of Columbia, commanding a view of the Potomac, and a distant perspective of Washington City. The situation is healthy and picturesque.

The course of instruction comprises, Orthography, Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, Grammar, Ancient and Modern Geography, the use of the Globes, Prose and Poetical Composition, Sacred and Profane History, Mythology, Rhetoric, Astronomy, Moral and Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Mineralogy, Botany, Geometry, Algebra, Book-keeping, French, Spanish, Italian and Latin languages, Music on the Piano Forte, Harp, and Guitar, Vocal Music, Drawing, Painting in water colors, in Oil, and on Velvet, Plain and Ornamental Needle Work, Tapestry, Lace Work, Bead Work, &c.

The Ladies who have charge of the Institution, profess the Catholic faith; yet, while all discussion on religious topics is forbidden, the maintenance of good order, requires, that the boarders should be present at the exercises of public worship.

Those charged with the immediate supervision of the young ladies, will be vigilant in requiring an exact compliance with the rules of the institution, and a strict attention to a polite and amiable deportment.

In the course of the Academic year, two examinations take place: the first in January, the second in June. A quarterly report is transmitted to the parents of each young lady, giving an account of her proficiency in her studies, &c. The young ladies are, at the end of each month, assembled in the presence of their teachers, when a report is made of their advancement in their studies, and attention to the rules of the school. To excite them to emulation, tickets are awarded to those who have excelled in their respective classes.

A public distribution of Premiums takes place on the last Wednesday in July. Parents and the friends of the institution, are admitted on presenting an authorized ticket.

The annual Vacation commences on the last Thursday in July; the exercises recommence on the first Monday in September.

As regards the exact observance of rules, polite deportment, and zeal for advancement, the young ladies are divided into two circles. A crown and gold medal are awarded to the first in the senior circle, and a crown is awarded to the first in the junior circle.

Letters written or received by the young ladies, are examined by the Directress previously to their delivery. Wednesday and Saturday evenings of each week, are allotted to recreation. The pupils are allowed to visit their Parents or Guardians once a month.

TERMS.

Entrance, ...	$ 5 00
Board and Tuition, per annum, . .	150 00
Washing and Mending, " . .	16 00

HALF BOARDERS AND DAY SCHOLARS.

Half Boarding, per annum, ...	$60 00
Tuition, in the first class, per annum,	60 00
" in the second class, "	42 00
" in the third class, "	34 00
" in the fourth class, "	26 00
" in the 5th and 6th classes, "	22 00

Tuition for half boarders according to their class.

EXTRA CHARGES.

Ink, Quills, &c., per annum, . . .	$ 5 00
Doctor's Fee, ...	3 00
Ordinary Infirmary charges, . . .	2 00
For each of the foreign Languages; quarterly, ...	5 00
Drawing, Painting in water colors, and on Velvet, ...	5 00
Painting in Oil, ...	15 00
Harp, ...	20 00
Piano, ...	12 00
Vocal Music, ...	12 00
Use of Piano and Harp, (per annum,) each, ...	3 00
Guitar, per quarter, ...	12 00
Its use, per annum, ...	2 00
Use of Philosophical apparatus, . .	5 00

Dancing at the Master's charge.

Boarders pay the current charges semi-annually in advance; day scholars and half boarders pay quarterly.

As the recess forms a part of the exercises of the Academy, no deduction, on that consideration, is made from the semi-annual account. Day scholars are not subject to this regulation. When a quarter has been commenced, the parents become subject to the full expense of board and tuition for the remaining time.

Boarders are required to bring with them the ordinary table furniture, consisting of two knives and forks, (silver forks are preferred,) two silver spoons, a silver tumbler, four table napkins, and six towels. They are also to be provided with bed and bedding, or pay $10 per annum, if furnished by the institution.

The parents or guardians of young ladies from a distance, are requested to designate some correspondent in the District who will be charged to liquidate their bills. It is desirable, that a merchant in town, be instructed to furnish the young ladies with the requisite articles of clothing, and that provision be made if the charge devolve on the institution.

On Sundays, in winter, a uniform is required, which the young ladies will procure in Georgetown, in order that there may be no variety in the shade.

Letters to be addressed to "*The Directress of the Ladies' Academy of the Visitation, Georgetown, D. C.*"

Georgetown, D. C., Sept., 1847. 3t.

MOUNT ST. MARY'S COLLEGE,
EMMITSBURG, MD.

THE ANNUAL SESSION of Studies at this Institution commences on the 17th of August. Students should, if practicable, enter before that date.

Board and Tuition, including the entire Classic & Scientific Course, also French, Lodging, Washing, Mending and Doctor's Fees, $182 per annum.

Payments made semi-annually in advance.

Music and Drawing are extra charges, each $40 per annum; also the Italian, German and Spanish Languages, each $15 per annum.

A Prospectus of the College, explaining the Course of Studies, requisites for graduation and system of discipline, will be sent to any person applying for it. JOHN McCAFFREY,

aug *President.*

Just published, in 1 vol. 18mo. cloth, gilt, price 50 cents; Cloth, super extra gilt edges, 75 cents.

THE EDUCATION OF A DAUGHTER,

By ARCHBISHOP FENELON. TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH, to which are added FENELON'S EPISTLE, CHARACTER OF ANTIOPE, &c.

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